

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 139.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1830.

PRICE 8d.

[*The extraordinary and sudden increase in the sale of the Athenæum, has induced us to repeat this Notice for the information of new subscribers, and we know our old friends will excuse it.*]

ADDRESS.

It is not without reluctance that we intrude ourselves on our readers—we ought perhaps to have done it earlier—we might with a clear conscience have informed them of the increased capital that has been embarked in this publication, of the great additional talent secured in the Literary Department, of the greater exertion that would be found throughout; but we must then have dealt in professions, and can now offer proof. We refer with pride and pleasure to the latter Numbers, not only as evidence of the ability engaged with us, but of the support we have so liberally received from those who can so effectually serve us. Within the current months, have appeared *Reviews* and *Extracts* from the following interesting works, *all unpublished* when reviewed in this Journal:—The “Life of Heber,” by his Widow.—“The Undying One,” by the Honourable Mrs. Norton.—“The Oxoniens,” by the author of *The Roué*.—“The Earl of Ashburnham’s Defence of his Ancestor.”—“Dr. Morton’s Travels in Russia.”—“Conversations with Lord Byron,” by the late Dr. Kennedy. These are advantages THE ATHENÆUM never had before, and as they admit of no question, they may be referred to without indecency. All else we leave to the judgment of our readers, with this only assurance, that nothing shall be wanting on our part, in zeal and exertion, to benefit to the greatest extent by the extraordinary aid which opinion and private friendship have won for us.—We have, in consequence, determined to insert *all Advertisements* in the STAMPED Edition, as well as the UNSTAMPED; but no increase of charge beyond the additional Duty of 3s. 6d. on each Advertisement, will be made.—AN OFFICE has also been opened for the transaction of all business connected with the Publication, at No. 7, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND, where Advertisements, and Communications for the Editor will be received.

Southernan. By John Galt, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. London, 1830. Colburn & Bentley.

In the heyday of Sir Walter Scott’s novel writing, it was said, by a reasonably indolent member of the House of Commons, that the industrious Baronet wrote faster than any ordinary man was able to read. We seem to be getting into this predicament with Mr. Galt since his return from Canada; for “Lawrie Todd” was still a “new book” with the circulating libraries, when we read the announcement of the “Life of Byron,” and, to break the short interval of expectation, out comes the “Southernan,” in three goodly volumes, the bare invention and arrangement of the plan of which, with the necessary reading, one would expect to have taken up more time than has been consumed in finishing the whole, even to the printing and issuing it forth to the public.

It is no easy matter in these latter days—when human character and every page of olden history has been ransacked to furnish novelty for unwrought mines of interest to tickle the palled appetite of the public—to write a historical novel worthy of the attention of the better order of general readers, who choose to solace themselves with fiction—if this be a proper name for that species of composition which amplifies and illustrates the truth. This, however, has Mr.

Galt done in the work before us, and that in the midst of the bustle of the metropolis, and the engagements of public and private life—and all in a space of time, and in a manner, that may well excite the surprise of those who know not what has been, and may be effected, by the union of talents, industry, and energy. The present novel, in its structure and execution, bears considerable resemblance to the author’s former one of “The Spaewife,” published some years ago, but is in our judgment much superior, both from the subject chosen, and the mode in which it is treated. The subject, indeed, or rather the portion of history selected for illustration, is, we think, a peculiarly fortunate one, at least it appears so in the hands of Mr. Galt, who seems perfectly master of it, and has drawn from it a series of pictures, or scenes, of speaking interest, vividness, and truth.

The present is, as our readers may suppose, essentially a Scotch novel, and the portion of history referred to, is the early part of the reign of the ever-interesting Mary, before the occurrence of those unfortunate events which, while they have not withdrawn our pity on account of her sad misfortunes, have left an indelible stigma on her name. Queen Mary of Scotland is, in fact, the real heroine of the novel; and that part of her history only is represented, when, like other heroines, she was merely young, beautiful, innocent, and unhappy. The story commences with her arrival from France in the rugged and unpromising kingdom which her unfortunate ancestors had found so difficult to rule; and, embracing the execution of the misguided Chatelard, for having concealed himself in her bedchamber under the infatuation of ambition and love, and her own luckless marriage with Darnley, ends with one of the most atrocious acts which history records—the murder of the celebrated Rizzio.

The laird of Southernan, the ostensible hero of the novel, is a gentleman of good family in “the West Countree,” and is undoubtedly an exceedingly virtuous and sensible person throughout; but, being like sundry other walking-gentleman heroes, whom the reader will recollect, who always acts in the best and wisest manner possible; and being moreover as cool-headed and gentlemanly, and what is called easy-going, as a west country laird and a calculating Scotchman may be supposed to be, he does not excite any particular admiration in us, however well he may do as a contrast to less prudent and proper persons in the history, and for the stringing together the main events. Neither are we particularly in love with the minor heroine, Miss Adelaide, one of the Queen’s gentlewomen, with whose marriage to Southernan the story ends. She is undoubtedly as full of virtue and prolific of tears as small heroines are wont to be; but her persevering love to the man who scorns her, namely, Chatelard, even to the watching over his dead body, is not given with Mr. Galt’s usual knowledge of human nature, however well this part of the plot may help forward the story. It is difficult to say which ought to be called the best character in this novel, where so many are good, and all are relieved and contrasted in the grouping. The character of Mary herself is,

perhaps, the best brought out of all—at least to us she is the most interesting; and the intrigues of a court, and the nameless vexations incident to royalty, particularly in the person of a helpless and almost friendless woman, and a stranger in her own kingdom, are portrayed with a delicacy as well as a force, which make frequent calls upon the reader’s admiration. Nothing indeed can be finer than some of the situations, to speak somewhat in the cant of dramatic criticism, in which Mary appears in several of the scenes in this novel. The bare idea of a beautiful woman, born, as might be supposed, for luxury and universal adulation, being subjected to a restraint destructive of all enjoyment in public or private, incessantly watched by the eyes of stern old men, and her young heart constantly wounded and harassed by the jarring interests and prying jealousies which religious and civil factions continually engendered, when illustrated with the graphic skill and power of Mr. Galt, cannot fail to present a picture of singularly impressive interest.

There is more bustle, more rapid change of scene, and more profusion of domestic incident in this, than perhaps in any other of Mr. Galt’s works of fiction. But the scene being mostly in the palace of Holyrood House, or in the hostels, or nine-story lodgings within the old town of Edinburgh—although it often changes, there is little variety for the imagination, and sometimes, in the earlier part of the work, affects the reader with the idea of confusion. While also we admire the fruitfulness of the author’s invention of bustling incident, we think he sometimes carries his sententiousness so far as to leave the mind somewhat unsatisfied, and to give his scenes too much the character of sketches, which less restraint on himself would have made full and finished pictures. This, however, is a point upon which we would speak with diffidence, considering the different species of excellence to which our criticism applies. The story commences with the preparations for the departure of the young laird to Southernan, from the old mansion of his ancestors, for Edinburgh, where he, along with the rest of the Scotch gentry, are generally mustering, to meet the Queen on her landing at Leith, then daily expected.

The adventures that Southernan meets with on his road to Edinburgh are pleasingly told, and while there is more of the air of romance about them than is usual in Mr. Galt’s manner of treating his subjects, they serve to develop the elements of the plot, which is chiefly wrought out in the metropolis. The author has presented us with a series of scenes on the very spot where they were acted, and we fancy ourselves following his characters through all the windings of factious circumstances and court intrigue in which they were involved. There is an old Earl of Morton, a chief person about Mary’s court, who is an admirable representative of a crafty courtier, and a calculating but exceedingly plain-spoken Scotchman, who becomes one of the conspirators in the murder of Rizzio, and urges on his assassination with a coolness mixed even with rough jocularity upon the “job.” In the amusing conversations of this person, and Southernan’s cunning servant-

boy Hughoe, an excellently-drawn character, as well as that of a humorous town officer who is greatly addicted to the talking of law-latin, Mr. Galt is as thoroughly Scotchified as in any of his former works, but he has considerably given a glossary of the strange words he uses at the end of the last volume, which is indispensable to the best of our Scotch scholars who have not been to the actual birth and bred in the north.

Passing over several scenes of much interest, particularly those between Mary and the reformed Churchmen and others in Holyrood old palace, which it would be spoiling to give in such snatches as are consistent with our limits, we extract the whole of a scene with the Queen at Dalmahoy, after her marriage with Darnley, who, by his capricious temper and folly, had just obliged her to ask advice from the experienced lady of the castle, into which she had taken refuge after an unseemly instance of his petulance. The author's description of the antiquated Countess, and the advice he makes her give to the disappointed young Queen, will speak for themselves:

"The lady of Dalmahoy soon perceived that the Queen was more agitated than indisposed; and she learned with sorrow from the ladies of her suite something of the querulousness she had endured from the King. The character of Darnley was indeed by this time correctly estimated, not only by those within his own immediate sphere and circle, but by the public in general, and an anxious sympathy for the Queen's infelicitous marriage was beginning to spread throughout the country.

"When her Majesty had sometime indulged her vexation at having been made such an object of public remark, she desired to see her venerable hostess, for she had heard of her great prudence and domestic virtues.

"The Dowager Countess of Morton was far advanced in life, precise and formal. She belonged to times and fashions which had passed away, and regarded as a deplorable lapse from courtly manners, the easy elegance which had been first introduced into Scotland by the mother of Mary, and the cultivation of which Mary herself, both by example and precept, studiously encouraged. But beneath these light prejudices she possessed a lofty and masculine mind. To great discernment of character she united decision, and a wisdom adequate for the dominion of a kingdom. In her appearance she was stately and ceremonious, affecting unusual pomp in her apparel, and on all occasions requiring a strict observance of those rules which had in the past age been deemed essential to high breeding.

"After having received the Queen into her castle, she considered herself as the servant of her Majesty, and did not obtrude into her presence until her attendance was required; but foreseeing that she might soon be summoned, she dressed herself in her richest paraphernalia, to be in readiness to obey. Her head, according to the fashion of Queen Margaret's age, was built up to a towering altitude, and studded in the midst of laces and bows of curiously wrought cambric, with knobs and carbuncles of jewellery. She wore enormous ear-rings of emerald or green glass, wrought into imitations of clusters of grapes; and her tall and aged neck was hooped with golden bands and amber beads and Italian pearls of great magnitude. Her robe was of the richest purple velvet, speckled with gold, and adorned with curiously flowing trimmings of lace, which were also spangled. Her petticoat, without folds or drapery, was a ceaseless cone of crimson satin, richly embroidered with peonies, tulips, and roses, and other splendid flowers of equal brilliancy, magnitude, and delicacy, and the bottom was adorned with an affluent flounce of rich needle-work, representing birds, butterflies, and other gaudy insects. Her fingers were encrusted with rings of precious stones, more eminent for their variety than their value; and she led by a ribbon an Italian greyhound, the admiration of all the country side. Her train was supported by a little old decrepit woman, fantastically dressed, leaning on a staff, crowned with an ivory ball, on the top of which stood a dove with expanded wings, bearing an olive-branch in its bill.

"When the old lady, preceded by two officers

of her household, the seneschal and the warden of the castle, entered the apartment where the Queen was seated, such unexpected magnificence so surprised her Majesty that she involuntarily rose to receive her, and with unaffected sentiment did homage to the embodied genius of the olden time. It was, however, but for a moment, and Mary would have soon yielded to the effect of the second survey, had she not perceived how much the decorum of form and solemnity entered into the Dowager's conception of the proprieties of rank and dignity.

"Assuming as much ceremony as the wonted gravity of her nature would permit, Mary requested the Countess to be seated, and that she would desire her attendants to withdraw, as she wished for the benefit of her advice in private. The old lady gently waved her hand, and the seneschal and warden retired backward with lowly reverences. The aged Elspeth, her train-bearer, followed; but finding the attempt to leave the room backwards inconvenient, she turned round, and was moving off; her stately mistress, however, reminded her that the Queen's Majesty was present, and she then sidled to the door.

"The Queen and the Countess were thus left alone. The spirits of Mary again sank, till the presence of the Countess reminded her of the purpose for which she had requested her company. She then related what had happened between her and the King, and also his indiscretion with Adelaide.

"During her narrative, the Dowager sat perfectly still; she listened with the gravest attention, and only now and then, by a slight inclination of her head, indicated that she was interested in the relation; and when the Queen concluded by asking her advice, she did not immediately reply, but paused for the space of a minute or so, and appeared in profound cogitation; she then said,

"I regret that your Highness has summoned the Council on this domestic affair; for it is but an occurrence, such as falls out sometimes between the most loving man and wife. It is not mighty enough to claim the consideration of great men, and to draw the attention of the kingdom."

"And am I then to submit," said the Queen, eagerly, "to be thus exposed to such bickering in public, and such wrong in private?"

"Alas!" replied the old lady, with a sigh, "I fear it must be so. Such are the evil consequences that have arisen from that ungracious familiarity which has broken down all the ancient fences of propriety. It would have made the hair lift the helmets from the heads of our ancestors, had they but thought it possible that the King and Queen would break into anger in public."

"Notwithstanding the personal feeling which Mary had in this subject, she could scarcely refrain from smiling at the awfulness with which the venerable Countess seemed to regard the decay of manners. She, however, replied with becoming seriousness,

"What has happened cannot be helped. It is to provide for the future that I entreat the advice of your wisdom and experience."

"Your Highness, in applying to me, consults, I fear, a shallow oracle; all I can say is that the matter of happiness between Kings and Queens is of the same substance as between the clown and his dame. A decent ceremony is necessary to both, though light thinkers may not discern its uses at the scanty hearth of the cotter."

"The Queen perceived that the prejudices of the Dowager, ascribed a greater degree of familiarity to the customs of her Court than was really the case; and in consequence entered more minutely into her domestic circumstances than would otherwise have been necessary. To the recital the same grave and motionless attention was paid as when she described the unhappy jar that had obliged her to forego the excursion to Linlithgow.

"Please your Highness," said the Dowager, "by what you have been telling me, I hope there will be no offence in saying, that your Court needs the presence of elderly and discreet ladies. It is natural to your Highness's time of life, that you should take to young attendants and gay dispositions, but there should be a compensating solidity of character to keep down the natural buoyancy of such companionship."

"Mary hastily interrupted her, and inquired if she would reside with her.

"Your wish," replied the Dowager, "would be a command, but old age is stronger than the power of potentates; and I am lame and infirm." She then resumed the thread of her remarks, and said, "moreover, though there are many wise and grave men among the ministers of your Highness, pillars of the realm, and worthy of trust and worship, yet none of them are without fault. My son, and I am not without the partiality of a mother, needs to be watched. He means well, and is ambitious of renown among great names, he is, however, not only emulous of high deeds, but too fond of having his own way of doing them, and by this a second growth of craftiness has overspread his natural character. He was a tree of true oak, but an ivy has spread upon him, and I fear, caused detriment and damage to his nature and character. However, your Highness, I can but counsel you not to place all your business in the hands of men; the wisest of them have but coarse thoughts of feminine dependency, and a Queen has as much need of confidantes of her own sex, as the warrior in the field of soldierly companions. There is the Lady of Argyle, a pattern to all, and of a sufficient juvenility to be a social companion. I would counsel your Majesty to take her into your household, and have less to do with male wisdom than with female prudence, when any difference may, by ill chance, happen between you and the King again."

"While they were thus discoursing, notice was brought in that Rizzio and some two or three of the council had arrived." iii. 161—169.

The character which Mr. Galt, in this novel, gives to Rizzio, is probably as true to history as it is to human nature; and the whole work will be found fully to sustain the author's already high reputation.

HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY.

Manuel de l' Histoire de la Philosophie. Traduit de l'Allemande de Tennenmann, par V. Cousin.

[Concluded from p. 356.]

THE movements of philosophy at the period at which we are now arrived, were powerfully affected by exterior circumstances. From the peculiarities of its political constitution, Athens had become the capital of the literary world, whether the discoverer of new systems, the inventor of new arts, the believer in strange creeds, the fanatic, the sceptic, the philosopher, the atheist, the wise and the foolish, resorted to exert their intellectual powers, or to exhibit their coxcombry and absurdity. The congegation of vast multitudes of men together, appears to have the same effect upon the spiritual as on the material atmosphere, keeping up a warmth, and producing an excitement, which none know but those who have been tossed and whirled about in the tumultuous vortices of a metropolis. The excitement which prevailed at Athens for some time previous and subsequent to the age of Socrates, has never been paralleled. Every man's head appeared to teem, like that of Jupiter, with a virgin system, from which he sought to be delivered rather by the aid of Mercury than of Vulcan. The mind, like the body, expands with exercise; and under the judicious discipline which then prevailed, seems to have reached as lofty a stature as it is capable of attaining in this sublunar world. The great men of that period were not closet philosophers. Their minds were not nourished exclusively upon books. They frequented the forum, the market-place, the manufactory, the palestra, the battle-field, and studied mankind in all their aspects. Socrates, especially, was perpetually in the midst of society, and more particularly in that of women, from whom, in all probability, he learned those delicate arts of persuasion, and that invincible power of pleasing, which operated upon men like fascination and enchantment. His object, according to Tennenmann, was to carry human nature as far as it could go in the road to virtue and wisdom; and, if it be no solecism to imagine that the lesser can comprehend

the greater, we would say that he had attained his object. The historian, with great elegance and propriety, denominates him the preceptor of the human race, and that not from any selfish considerations, but in virtue of an internal vocation; and certainly his wisdom and his virtue seem to shed a lustre on his whole species,—every civilized individual of which may be pronounced to be the happier and the better for his having lived.

Cicero denominates the school of Isocrates the great workshop of eloquence—that of Socrates was assuredly the great workshop of philosophy. From this school arose that of the Cynics—a school which has been more frequently abused than understood, and the founder of which, notwithstanding the harshness of his manners, and the pride of his spirit, was a man of unblemished virtue, and of undoubted genius. To this sect of philosophers united themselves all those men of austere characters, who, scorning the frivolity of mankind, and delighting in solitude and meditation, would in more modern times have become barefooted friars, or monks of La Trappe. Those in whom mild, gentle, and somewhat voluptuous dispositions prevailed, adopted the accommodating opinions of Aristippus, and formed the Cyrenaic sect, which was afterwards divided into two schools, the Hedonic and the Theoreorean. Another system of philosophy, more celebrated than any which had preceded it, and perhaps fated to outlive them all, sprung also from the Socratic school: we mean the sceptical philosophy, invented by the genius of Pyrrho of Elis, and maintained with all its startling consequences by Timon the physician. To this school men of calm, contemplative minds have, in all succeeding ages, been more or less inclined; doubt and uncertainty being, apparently, the goal of all our inquiries. The Megaric school, another branch of the Socratic, has been accused both by ancients and moderns with occupying itself wholly with trifling subtleties; but the latter, at least, seem, as Tennemann observes, to possess but an imperfect knowledge of this school, which appears to have taught a mixed doctrine, compounded of the principles of the Eleatic school with those of Socrates. The schools of Elis and Eretria are scarcely distinguishable from the school of Megara.

But the philosophy in which the spirit of Socrates is most vividly and faithfully reflected is that of Plato, a man whose soul seemed capable, if a human soul ever was, of comprehending the universe, and of following, as it were, the track of God's spirit through the ocean of beings. Tennemann, who is seldom too liberal of praise, seems to regard this philosopher as altogether unrivalled for the depth and vastness of his views, as well as for the vivifying eloquence with which he has explained them; while, for moral character, he deserves to be ranked even with Socrates himself. With regard to his philosophical system, it is scarcely possible, even with the aid of his own works, which fortunately have descended to us almost entire, to form an exact idea of it, since he had his esoteric doctrines, and his ἄγραφα δόγματα, like many other philosophers. He had studied profoundly the systems of all those who had preceded him, and had discovered, as if from the level of a superior nature, their strength and their weakness, their fertile and their barren parts. He had, moreover, the wisdom not to make himself the slave of his own opinions: he picked them up, as we pick up a stranger on the road, and associated them with us long as he found them compatible with his character; when they ceased to be so, they were no longer his. For this reason, perhaps, more than for any other, the writings of Plato do not appear to be the parts of one great system. He held his mind free, as he himself somewhere observes, to be carried whithersoever it might, by the stream of his rea-

soning. The soul, like the females of certain animals, brings forth at first weak and small creatures; but, as its strength increases, its offspring assume a more robust form. It was thus with Plato. His earlier dialogues are feeble, although bold and original attempts at philosophizing; but as his intellectual vigour increased, his ideas became more masculine, of larger dimensions, and more impregnated with life and fire. According to his views, philosophy is science, properly so called; and its object is the universal, the necessary, the absolute, and the relations and essence of things.

To Plato succeeded Aristotle, a genius no less vast, but of a totally different stamp. Possessing more extensive knowledge both of books and nature, but endowed with a less brilliant imagination, he rejected the doctrine of ideas, and maintained that all our conceptions, even the most sublime, are the fruits of experience, which at once supplies their materials, and develops them. Tennemann seems, in his account of Aristotle, to fall into a little inconsequence: he remarks that Aristotle, having made the study of nature his object, rejected, *in consequence of that*, the doctrine of ideas; but the rejection of the doctrine of ideas does not seem to be the necessary consequence of the study of nature, or it would follow that Plato, who maintained that doctrine, had not studied nature, which would be in contradiction with the opinion which the historian held concerning that great philosopher. The philosophy of Aristotle is addressed wholly to the understanding: but in its definition its author differs very little from Plato. He divides our knowledge into mediate and immediate; and the theory of those reasonings by which we proceed from the latter to the former he denominates logic—a science which, if he did not invent it, he wholly new modelled and perfected. The object of logic is to show in what manner we may by reasoning discover whether things be true or false, certain or probable. Logic, therefore, is the instrument of all science or philosophy, but only in so far as its form is concerned, for it is experience which must furnish the materials. Tennemann remarks with justice that Aristotle is not to be made responsible for the abuse which, in after ages, was made of this instrument; and adds that he was, with Plato, the person to whom logic was most indebted, while more than any other he enlarged the field of philosophy.

With this great man the invention of really original systems seems to have ceased, at least among the ancients; for the Stoics were but Cynics under another name, and the Epicureans a mere modification of the Cyrenaic school. Men now betook themselves to commenting upon the ideas of their predecessors; and in the performance of this task, which, judiciously conducted, might have been of the greatest utility, not unfrequently attributed to their masters opinions and sentiments which they had never entertained.

Epicurus, who certainly possessed a very superior mind, is said, upon we know not what authority, to have received a bad education. He was poor, and, like our poet, Pope, had but a feeble constitution; which, perhaps, was the reason why he was less exact than could have been wished in his attendance upon the lessons of Xenocrates and Theophrastus. Perhaps, however, he found their lectures dull, and unsuited to the haughty delicacy of his taste, which afterwards led him to criticise somewhat too severely the systems of other philosophers. At all events he commenced too early to act the part of a master, opening a school at Lampsacus in his thirty-second year. The system of this philosopher, explained by Lucretius, and by a multitude of modern writers, is pretty generally understood. Happiness, according to him, consists in pleasure, mental and corporeal;

and the world, produced without the interference of the gods by the fortuitous concourse of atoms, is under no control but that of chance. This system, as Tennemann observes, has little originality, particularly the ethical part: and even the doctrine of atoms is borrowed from Democritus; but its partisans have always been numerous, and the sect may be said to subsist still.

The founder of the Stoic sect, the enemy of pleasure, was born in the very purlieus, as it were, of Venus's temple, at Citium, in Cyprus. His good genius bestowed upon him an excellent education; and chance, or, rather, the bent of his character, led him to associate with the Cynic, Crates, and many of the illustrious disciples of the Socratic school. His mind was large, his character virtuous and dignified, his genius fertile, his knowledge immense. His school, following closely in his footsteps, were animated by a passion for virtue, and struggled nobly, if not always successfully, against despotism and vice. Philosophy, according to Zeno, is the science of human perfection, or wisdom; and manifests itself in thought, in knowledge, and in action. A lofty and pure morality was the aim of this philosophy, whose fundamental maxim was "Follow nature." But to follow nature we must know what nature is: hence the necessity for physiology, in the most extensive sense of the word; and that we may not in our reasonings concerning nature mistake the false or the probable for the certain and the true, we must call in the aid of logic, or the art of conducting our reasonings in our researches after truth.

The sublime dogmatism of Zeno provoked, however, the philosophers of the new Academy, to have recourse to the invincible weapons of scepticism. Arcesilaus, the fellow disciple of Zeno and Crantor, piqued by their haughty and overbearing manner, affected an extraordinary degree of modesty in philosophizing, and endeavoured to humble his opponents by removing from under their feet, if we may so speak, the very basis of all wisdom and of all knowledge. According to him, all dogmatical systems are mere castles in the air, since probability is all that man can attain to in this world.

With the extinction of the Academy, the history of Greek philosophy ends, and the Romans, with their imitative genius, come upon the stage. But as they invented no systems, and did not even carry any of those invented by the Greeks to greater perfection, it is unnecessary to enlarge upon their opinions. Even their preferences were not for the profound original systems of Plato and Aristotle. They adopted the notions of Epicurus or of Zeno, according as they happened to be inclined towards the innovations of vice and the *penchants* of tyranny, or towards ancient simplicity of manners and public virtue.

The remark with which Tennemann commences the second part of his work, containing the history of the philosophy of the Middle Ages, absolves us from the necessity of dwelling long upon this part of the subject—"During the times of barbarism and ignorance (says he,) upon which we are about to enter, that philosophical curiosity, which had subsisted throughout the whole of the preceding period, no longer exerted any powerful influence on the human mind." For this reason, but little interest can be felt respecting the speculations which occupied the brains of the learned during those periods of darkness, and which Tennemann, in mere condescension, denominates philosophy. Men possessing no positive knowledge, no preparatory instruction, were seen aspiring to the highest of all sciences, the science of God, and reversing the method of Greek philosophy, endeavouring from this lofty pinnacle to comprehend the whole circle of the sciences. This direction was given to the movements of philosophy by theology, which

continued, in a manner, to monopolize the thoughts and studies of mankind. Authors are not agreed respecting the period at which the scholastic philosophy commenced: some fix at the point of departure the end of the eleventh century; others, the close of the twelfth; Tielemann, the beginning of the thirteenth; but Tennemann, whose views appear to be the most rational, having determined that ancient philosophy died away with the eighth century, very properly supposes that the Scholastic philosophy arose immediately upon the setting of the other, that is, commenced with the ninth century. He remarks, however, that the duration of this system cannot be rigorously determined. It may in some measure be said to endure still; but the revival of classical learning, and the Protestant Reformation gradually diminished the unlimited authority and general influence which it had acquired. He divides the history of this philosophy into four epochs, determined by the progress of opinions upon the reality of ideas, and the various relations of philosophy to theology. *The first epoch:* from the birth of the system to the end of the eleventh century, during which period prevailed a blind realism, and unconnected philosophical essays upon theological subjects. *Second epoch:* from Roscelinus to Alexander Alesius, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, in which Nominalism was engendered, together with a bolder spirit of speculation, which, however, was soon repressed by the ecclesiastical power. Realism was again victorious, and philosophy and theology were more systematically connected. *Third epoch:* from Alexander and Albertus Magnus to Occam, a period of two hundred years, during which Realism prevailed exclusively, together with the method of teaching denominated Aristotelian, borrowed from the Arabs. Theology and philosophy were now almost confounded. This was the age of the *Thomists* and the *Scotists*. *Fourth epoch:* from Occam to the beginning of the sixteenth century. The struggle between Nominalism and Realism was now renewed, and victory, in many instances, was on the side of the former. Philosophy, also, and theology began to grow shy of each other, disputes arose between them, and they gradually separated, and projected themselves into their proper spheres. This movement was likewise accompanied by other combats, which may be regarded as accessory, arising out of the attempts which were made to reform both philosophy and theology.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century the Scholastic philosophy, though not destroyed, had lost its influence, and the old systems of Greece began to be revived with certain modifications. The history of Modern Philosophy now commences. It should be remarked that it was to the operation of external causes that this philosophy, in a great measure, owed its birth. The political world was shaken by revolutions—mankind appeared to awake after a long slumber—Asia was attacked or explored—the art of printing was discovered—America arose, as it were out of the deep—Mohammedanism, in holding out the Koran towards Europe, from the walls of Constantinople, roused the spirit of inquiry—the Reformation, like another Sampson, shook the Roman church to its foundation—and in the midst of all these stirring events, Philosophy came forth, as it were, from the tomb, and once more occupied herself in interrogating nature, and in examining the grounds and materials of science. The circumstances attending this intellectual resurrection, the spirit which directed its movements, and the consequences it produced, are admirably detailed and described by Tennemann, and with a brevity not unworthy of Tacitus himself. But it is impossible for us, in the hurried glance we are here enabled to throw over the history of the science, even to trace an outline of the multitudinous

forms of modern philosophy. In general, however, these systems are more remarkable for ingenuity than originality, being rather the development of ideas thrown out by the Greek philosophers, than new germs created by invention. At the same time, it must be acknowledged that if the Greeks supplied what may be termed the seeds of these systems, it is in the matrix of modern genius that they have received that abundant nourishment to which they owe their ample dimensions and their perfection.

The first effect of the study of antiquity was to declare war against the scholastic philosophy, in which Hermolaus Barbarus, the Venetian, and Angelo Politiano, may be regarded as the heralds. These were followed by Nicholas Cusanus, who, in spite of his mysticism and his errors, did considerable service to the cause of philosophy, and exhibited extraordinary sagacity and great depth of intellect. A whole multitude of philosophers of equal or superior name followed, and were useful in their day and generation; but excepting Machiavelli, Giordano Bruno, Montaigne, Charron, and a few others, both their names and their works have been devoured by oblivion. At length Lord Bacon and Descartes, two men of great original genius, especially the former, appeared, and formed a new epoch in the history of philosophy. Bacon succeeded in convincing a portion of his contemporaries, that it was better to think for themselves, than blindly to adopt the ideas of others, which, simple as it may now seem, was a herculean labour, and threw a new light upon various laws of the human mind. This is the sum of his services. He constructed no system. At the same time Campanella laboured in the same spirit, though with less eclat, in Italy; while Gassendi and others sought to revive the atomic philosophy in France. Contemporary with Bacon was Hobbes, a man who, although endowed with splendid powers of mind, was rather a sophist than a philosopher, and a sophist, too, of the most arrogant and mischievous character. His system, which, although it contained novelties, was not new, notwithstanding its pretensions to originality, was mere materialism. Spinoza, Mallebranche, Leibnitz, Locke, Kant, have each in turn impressed the character of their intellect upon the philosophical spirit of their age; but even with the aid of Tennemann's vast erudition, and singular sagacity, we cannot perceive that these great men really invented new systems, or did anything more than modify, enlarge, and perfect the systems bequeathed to mankind by the philosophers of Greece. We may, however, examine this question more at length on some other occasion.

Tennemann observes, in conclusion, that the various and contradictory attempts of the philosophical spirit, in these latter times, are absolutely sufficient to bring philosophy itself into suspicion, and to give rise to the belief, that man is doomed to wander for ever in doubt and uncertainty. The philosophy of Kant, from which at first great hopes were entertained, instead of satisfying the mind, repressing the lust of speculation, and disarming scepticism, only served to sharpen and fortify it, by heightening its attractions, and ennobling its character. Still the historian maintains his faith in human nature, and is encouraged to hope that its invincible spirit of inquiry will, in the end, be crowned with success. Reason, he thinks, must at length arrive at the knowledge of its own nature, discover its proper sphere, gradually develop the true philosophical method, and learn from past experience to show the rocks upon which it has so frequently been shipwrecked. The time, he hopes, will come, when the various modes of philosophizing, which now seem to be nothing but mere vagaries, will be discovered to have been the necessary conditions of the proper culture of the mind, and of genuine wisdom. We

hope the future history of philosophy may have to record this result—but our hope is mingled with doubt.

FAMILY LIBRARY, No. XIII.—*The Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects.* By Allan Cunningham. Vol. 3. London, 1830. Murray.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM has produced a third volume of his Lives of the Painters, Sculptors, and Architects, and we do not know where we have found ourselves at the end of a new book with a better opinion of the heart and mind of an author, or with greater regret at having no further pages to peruse. We could go on reading of the struggles of early genius—and of its final uncontrollable triumphs, “from morn to noon—from noon to dewy eve—a summer’s day!”

The sculptors are the subjects of Cunningham’s biographical labours in the present volume—and we are delighted with the vivid, living, breathing histories of Roubiliac, Banks, Nollekens, and Flaxman. The sculptors, although hewers of stone, are not hewn out of stone themselves; for a kinder cluster of high low-born men than that which Allan has refreshed on the long road to immortality, cannot be “met withal.” They are all good lovers of art—good lovers of women—good lovers as husbands—right good men and friends:—and the biographer, in the true spirit of his work, has dedicated his volume to a man who, by his genius alone, has raised himself to opulence and fame from indigence and obscurity—to Francis Chantrey!

We shall proceed to make some interesting extracts from this delightful volume, as we are quite sure our readers will be more pleased with the sensible earnest language of our author, than with our remarks, for truly

Sir Thomas’s own sonnet,
Beats all that we can say upon it.

It appears to have been reserved to the writers of Scotland to be able to create true poetry, and enjoy its exceeding great reward;—and again, to win a new fame by good solid prose. Allan Cunningham, like Sir Walter Scott, has thus doubled upon the world in the great course of literature.

Cibber, the father of Colley,—the best of his statuary,—meets with his due. The fine statues of Madness and Melancholy, which all the pensioners of Bedlam are so well acquainted with, are thus spoken of:

“The works on which the claim of Cibber to the honours of original genius entirely depend, are the far-famed figures of Madness and Melancholy, carved for the chief entrance to Moorfields. They are the earliest indications of the appearance of a distinct and natural spirit in sculpture, and stand first in conception and only second in execution among all the productions of the island. Those who see them for the first time are fixed to the spot with terror and awe; an impression is made on the heart never to be removed; nor is the impression of a vulgar kind. The poetry of those terrible infirmities is embodied; from the degradation of the actual madhouse we turn overpowered and disgusted, but from those magnificent creations we retire in mingled awe and admiration. I remember some eighteen or twenty years ago, when an utter stranger in London, I found myself, after much wandering, in the presence of those statues, then occupying the entrance to Moorfields. Sculpture was to me at that time an art unknown, and it had to force its excellence upon my mind, without the advantage of any preparation either through drawings or descriptions. But I perceived the meaning of those statues at once, felt the pathetic truth of the delineation, and congratulated myself on having discovered a new source of enjoyment. The impression which they made upon me induced me to expect too much from the rest of our sculpture. In St. Paul’s and Westminster Abbey, I found much finer work, but less fervour of poetic

sentiment, than what Cibber had stamped upon those rough stones, which he is said to have cut at once from the block without the aid of models." 26.

The life of Roubiliac, who prospered by finding a lost purse belonging to Sir Edward Walpole, is a very clever piece of biography. The following criticism will interest all readers:

" His next works—the statues of Shakespeare and Newton—are admired by two very different classes of men of taste. All who love serene dignity and graceful composure prefer the Philosopher; while those who delight in lively action and that kind of energy which seems to set the whole body into motion, give the palm to the Poet. The former was made for Trinity College, Cambridge, where it now stands; the latter for David Garrick, to be placed in his garden at Hampton, from whence it was removed, in conformity to his will, to the British Museum—thus they both places of distinction, where they are seen and valued. The Sir Isaac is far superior to Shakespeare—though there can be no doubt that Roubiliac exerted his fancy and exhausted his skill to render the latter a *chef-d'œuvre*. Newton is represented standing, holding up a prism, and between his hand and the thought stamped upon his brow there is a visible connexion and harmony. He exhibits a calm colossal vigour of intellect, such as we have reason to believe was the character of the living man—touched too, and that not a little, with those anomalies enumerated by his friend Thomson. * * *

" To Chantrey, an authority which few will question, I am indebted for the following opinion, which I apprehend is in accordance with that of the whole nation nearly. 'The Sir Isaac Newton is the noblest, I think, of all our English statues. There is an air of nature, and a loftiness of thought about it, which no other artist has in this country, I suspect, reached. You cannot imagine anything grander in sentiment, and the execution is every way worthy of it.'

" I know not well how to speak of the Shakespeare after the Newton: it is a failure compared to that production, to say nothing of the genius which it presumes to embody. The same sort of feeling which led him astray in his Handel has bewildered him here; he imagined that a great poet necessarily, in his fits of inspiration, puts himself into extravagant attitudes—that his whole body, like that of Donne's mistress, was instinct with active thought—and that even his dress was in duty bound to be moved with Parnassian dreams. The nobler the poet, the wilder the attitude. On this principle he appears to have gone. But the public mind is haunted with a nobler image: we refuse to look upon this as a personation of the majestic genius of the dramatist; nor can we even accept of it as an accurate fac-simile of the man in look, dress, and dimensions, since we know that the materials of such a likeness did not exist at the time. Indeed, an exact fac-simile of the Homer of Greece would be infinitely more gratifying than the sublimest fictions of art; we would rather see a cold clod-like cast of his face than his imaginary head by Phidias. But this cannot be, even in Shakespeare's case; and the very aspect of truth which the statue of Roubiliac wears is one cause of its failure. The reality haunted him as in the statue of Handel; but then in the case of the great composer, the living man existed to justify or condemn the likeness; whereas the looks of the bard of Avon lived only in imagination, and it is the practice of imagination to beautify and exalt. A statue of dignified demeanour, and visible mental capacity, touched a little in the looks from those portraits which are received as Shakespeare's, especially the rude old bust at Stratford-on-Avon, ought to have been the aim of the artist.

" This statue was a commission, as we have said, from Garrick, and the price was fixed by the player at the parsimonious sum of three hundred guineas.

" During the progress of this work, Garrick, as might be expected, was a frequent visitor in the sculptor's studio. On one occasion he met with Roubiliac in the street, and said ' How's Shakespeare, eh? I shall go and pay my respects to him.' Now David was desirous of being thought clever at many things, and at that time carried a foot-rule in his pocket, to the annoyance of the carpenters at the theatre, on whose labours he often laid it, haranguing them on measure and value-

price. As he entered the marble-yard he whispered to the sculptor, ' Only see now how I shall frighten that great red-headed Yorkshireman sawing the stone.' He accordingly stood still at once—fixed his eyes on the fellow—covered half to the ground—assumed a diabolical look—and drew his foot-rule slowly from his pocket, like as he would have done a pistol. It was all in vain; his intended victim coolly squirted some tobacco-juice from the corner of his mouth, and said ' What trick will you be after next, my little master? ' " p. 51—5.

In the biography of Banks we come upon the following, which is as good as the subject of which it treats. It is prose sublimed by the spirit of true art!

" Banks had been absent some two years; the love of poetic sculpture had grown no stronger here in his absence; he resolved, nevertheless, to pursue it, and trust to fortune. In this mood he imagined and modelled one of his noblest works—the Mourning Achilles. He found the figure in that passage in the first book of the Iliad where Briseis is forced away, and the enraged hero complains to his mother Thetis. The words, in Cowper's version, are these:—

Loath she went
From whom she loved, and looking oft behind.
Then wept Achilles, and, apart from all,
With eyes directed to the gloomy deep,
And arms outstretched, his mother supplpliant sought.

" The heroic beauty and natural vigour of this poetic statue have been noticed by many; in fine action and noble proportions nothing here has yet excelled it. Praise was poured upon the artist from all quarters; some loved it because it was classic—others because it was natural, and more because the sentiment of sorrow was largely diffused from the face over the figure. He was justly proud of this noble work, and proceeded to remove it from Newman-street to the exhibition rooms in Somerset House. The packing and removal of sculpture is at all times attended with danger; and so it proved in this instance, for the wagon was overturned in the street, and the Mourning Achilles shivered into five hundred pieces. Banks, who accompanied the carriage, witnessed the destruction of his figure—the work of a whole twelve-month was lost in one moment—and as he depended upon it for establishing his name, all hopes of future celebrity for the moment vanished. He returned home, and such was his command of temper—his philosophic—I ought to say devout—resignation under this calamity, that neither his wife nor daughter, observed that anything unfortunate had happened. He returned to the exhibition room, collected the scattered fragments of his work, and, assisted by his younger brother, pieced it patiently and skilfully together, and restored the Mourning Achilles to its original beauty. He then communicated what had happened to his wife. The statue was luckily in plaster of Paris, and therefore more easily mended; for no skill could have restored a work in marble—no cement has yet been discovered capable of uniting transparent materials, without making the junction dark or opaque.

" Mr. Johnes, of Hafod, was so much pleased with this statue, that he desired to have it copied in marble, for the entrance hall of his house in Cardiganshire. A block was bought, but the patron changed his mind and suggested another subject, or adopted one which Banks proposed—Thetis dipping the infant Achilles. But the classic purity of the sculptor's taste could not fail to be grievously offended when the head of Mrs. Johnes was proposed for the shoulders of Thetis, and that of her infant daughter for those of Achilles. He began to see that, whatever the nominal subject might be, portraiture was the aim, and how to reconcile the English, or rather Welsh character of face with the established lineaments of old Greece, he could not well divine. The visible nature before him, and the feeling that he had to work to pattern in the faces, oppressed his fancy a little. Still the group was one of high merit. The execution too was beautiful. He had not studied under Capizzioli in vain. It was placed over a magnificent vase in the conservatory of Hafod. Henceforth no more was heard of the Mourning Achilles in marble for this then opulent patron. His own head would have made but an indifferent one for the hero; and his vanity, the sculptor's opinion on that point once ascertained or guessed, was little interested in the

matter. So it remained, and now remains, in plaster, in reproach of our want of feeling for works of a poetic order. On the death of Banks, his widow presented the statue to the British Institution, and it now stands in the hall of their gallery, as a warning to all sculptors who enter, that works of classic fancy find slender encouragement here."

We can hardly remember anything more pathetic than the following description—and certainly Dr. Mavor has a half share in the pathos.

" He was soon to be employed on a work of a very different character, a domestic monument, of a kind happily allied, through the deep feeling which the subject excites, to poetry. This was the monument to the only daughter of Sir Brooke Boothby, now in Ashbourne Church, Derbyshire: She was six years of age, and the sculptor has imagined her on her couch asleep in all her beauty and innocence. ' Simplicity and elegance,' says Dr. Mavor, ' appear in the workmanship—tenderness and innocence in the image. On a marble pedestal and slab, like a low table, is a mattress, with the child lying on it, both likewise in white marble. Her cheek, expressive of suffering mildness, reclines on the pillow, and her little fevered hands gently rest on each other near to her head. The plain and only drapery is a frock, the skirt flowing easily out before, and a ribbon sash, the knot twisted forward as it were by the restlessness of pain, and the two ends spread out in the same direction with the frock. The delicate naked feet are carelessly folded over each other, and the whole appearance is as if she had just turned in the tossings of her illness, to seek a cooler or an easier place of rest.' The marble perhaps will not quite support in every particular this glowing account—the precision of the dress hurts the simplicity of the idea, and the trim and carefully knotted sash agrees ill with the clutched and fevered hands of the suffering sleeper. The monument is very affecting, and awakens maternal feelings deeply.

" Around the pedestal the learning of the afflicted father scattered melancholy mottoes in Latin, Italian, French and English. This idle parade can indeed detract from the merits of the work—few who look upon it will seek to know more than what the marble figure tells—it speaks all languages, and its words are, 'I died young and pure, and my spirit is with the blessed.' * * *

" The exhibition of this touching work occasioned much sensation in Somerset House. It was placed in the middle of the room, and obtained the notice of hundreds of mothers—the queen and the princesses stood looking at it for some time and were affected to tears. Sir Brooke Boothby, as may be well supposed, watched the progress of the piece under the hand of the sculptor, and Banks, feeling how much it would be criticised by his brethren, bestowed all his skill upon it, finishing the more important parts with his own hand. Though far from being his best performance, this simple monument has done more to spread the fame of Banks through the island than all his classic compositions."

Although we are nearly at the end of that space which we had allotted to this notice, we cannot resist the following interesting anecdote:

" One morning a youth, some thirteen years old or so, came to the door of Banks with drawings in his hand. Owing to some misgiving of mind, the knock which he intended should be modest and unassuming, was loud and astounding, and the servant who opened the door was in no good mood with what he imagined to be forwardness in one so young. Banks, happening to overhear the chiding of his servant, went out, and said with much gentleness, ' What do you want with me, young man? ' ' I want, sir,' said the boy, ' that you should get me to draw at the Academy.' ' That,' said the sculptor, ' is not in my power—no one is admitted there by ballot, and I am only one of those persons on whose pleasure it depends. But you have got a drawing there—let me look at it.' He examined it for a moment, and said—' Time enough for the Academy yet, my little man! go home—mind your schooling—try to make a better drawing of the Apollo—and in a month come again and let me see it.' The boy went home, drew and sketched with three fold diligence, and on that day month appeared again at the door of Banks with a new drawing in his hand. The sculptor liked this drawing better than he did the other—gave him a week to improve it

—encouraged him much, and showed him the various works contained in his study. He went away and returned in a week—the Apollo was visibly improved—he conceived a kindness for the boy, and said if he were spared he would distinguish himself. This augury has been amply fulfilled. Mulready is now an academician—and his name has flown far and wide." p. 112-13.

But we must lay down the book. We have not abridged the lives, nor meddled with dates, but have carelessly seized on such passages as were most pleasant to us in the reading. Mrs. Damer, the lady-artist;—Bacon, the moral sculptor, the follower of Whitfield and the muse;—and Flaxman, Homer's and Mrs. Flaxman's Flaxman, complete the volume. But as we are late in our notice of this work, in consequence of a death in the family of the gentleman to whom it was first given to review, and our contemporaries have quoted largely from the delightful life of Flaxman, we have abstained from extracting from it. When our readers have read the passages we have just selected for them, we know not how they can do better than go buy the book, and read the rest.

Conversations on Religion with Lord Byron and others, held in Cephallonia, a short time previous to his Lordship's death. By the late James Kennedy, M.D. 8vo. London, 1830. Murray.

[Concluded from p. 371.]

In our former notice, we stated that the "Conversations" themselves are not of very general interest; and as there are many incidental and interesting notices scattered throughout the volume, we think it better to confine our extracts to these. But, in illustration of what we then said, that Lord Byron was not a dull, deliberate and reasoning sceptic, but one whose faith had been staggered by the contradictions between the professions and the conduct of religious people, we shall give one further passage on the subject in illustration,—and we do so with the less reluctance, as it contains his own views and intentions in writing his celebrated, abused, and admired *Don Juan*, and *Cain*:

"How will you account," said Lord Byron, "for that mass of superstition and hypocrisy which exists not only on the continent, but even to some extent in England, and which I verily believe is the cause of the infidelity of thousands? I have seen," he continued, "on the continent, both in France and Italy, such instances of hypocrisy and villainy, and everything that was detestable in those who were appointed to teach religion; and such ignorance and superstition among the lower classes, particularly among the women, that it is difficult for a man to give much attention to a subject which appears to be so uncertain and mysterious, and which produces such fruits among its followers."

"I hope your lordship," I said, "will always make a distinction between the use and abuse of a thing."

"I always take care to do that," said Lord B.; "I know the Scriptures sufficiently well to acknowledge, that if the mild and benignant spirit of this religion were believed and acted on by all, there would be a wonderful change in this wicked world; and I have always made it a rule to respect every man who conscientiously believes the Scriptures, whatever external creed he may profess, and most cordially do I detest hypocrites of all sorts, especially hypocrites in religion. I have known in Italy some instances of superstition which were at once amusing and ridiculous. I have known a person engaged in sin, and when the vesper-bell has rung, stop and repeat the Ave Maria, and then proceed in the sin: absolution cured all. The sins of the head, or dissent from the church, is heresy, and requires the severest punishment: the sins of the

heart were easily forgiven, they thought, by a merciful God."

"They have all mistaken my object in writing Cain. Have I not a right to draw characters with as much fidelity, and truth, and consistency, as history or tradition fixes on them? Now it is absurd to expect from Cain, sentiments of piety and submission, when he was a murderer of his brother, and a rebel against his Creator."

"That is true," I replied, "but they blame you, not for putting such sentiments in the mouth of Cain, but for not putting such sentiments into those of Abel and Adam, as would have counterbalanced the effect of what Cain said."

"Even in *Don Juan*, I have been equally misunderstood. I take a vicious and unprincipled character, and lead him through those ranks of society, whose high external accomplishments cover and cloke internal and secret vices, and I paint the natural effects of such characters; and certainly they are not so highly coloured as we find them in real life."

"This may be true; but the question is, what are your motives and object for painting nothing but scenes of vice and folly?"—"To remove the cloak which the manners and maxims of society," said his lordship, "throw over their secret sins, and show them to the world as they really are. You have not," added he, "been so much in high and noble life as I have been; but if you had fully entered into it, and seen what was going on, you would have felt convinced that it was time to unmask the specious hypocrisy, and show it in its native colours."

"My situation," I replied, "did not naturally lead me into society, yet, I believed, before the publication of your book, that the world, especially the lower and middling classes of society, never entertained the opinion, that the highest classes exhibited models of piety and virtue; nay, from circumstances, we are naturally disposed to believe them worse than they really are."

"It is impossible you can believe the higher classes of society worse than they are in England, France, and Italy, for no language can sufficiently paint them!"—"But still, my lord, granting this, how is your book calculated to improve them, and by what right, and under what title, do you come forward in this undertaking?"—"By the right," he replied, "which every one has who abhors vice united with hypocrisy."

"It is the plan," said his lordship, "to lead him through various ranks of society, and show that wherever you go vice is to be found."—"This is a fact already known," I replied; "and it has also been known by experience, that no satire, however witty, poignant, or just, ever did any good, or converted, as far I have heard, one man from vice to virtue. Neither Horace, nor Juvenal, nor Persius, could stop the torrent of vice, and folly, and crime which inundated Rome, and which finally overthrew it, notwithstanding all the declamations of these satirists. Nor have I heard that Donne's or Pope's satires ever effected any good. Your language is not so gross as that of Juvenal or Persius, yet this is owing to the manners of the times; and while your satire is useless, it will call down on your head the exclamations both of the virtuous and the vicious;—of the former, because they do not perceive in you the proper qualifications of a reformer of morals, nor believe that you have adopted the means calculated to promote such an object, but rather the reverse; while the latter will naturally hate him who unmasks those vices—more particularly if he be stained with any himself."

"But it is strange," he answered, "that I should be attacked on all sides, not only from magazines and reviews, but also from the pulpit. They preach against me as an advocate of infidelity and immorality, and I have missed my

mark sadly in having succeeded in pleasing nobody. That those whose vices I depicted and unmasked should cry out, is natural, but that the friends of religion should do so, is surprising; for you know," said he, smiling, "that I am assisting you in my own way as a poet, by endeavouring to convince people of their depravity; for it is a doctrine of yours, is it not? that the human heart is corrupted, and therefore, if I show that it is so in those ranks which assume the external marks of politeness and benevolence,—having had the best opportunities, and better than most poets of observing it,—am I not doing an essential service to your cause, by first convincing them of their sins, and thus enable you to throw in your doctrine with more effect?" p. 149—67.

The following extracts are woven together from various conversations, and have reference to the literature and literary men of his country, and the two great periodicals, the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews:

"I do not so greatly admire Milton myself," said Lord B.; "nor do I admire Cowper, whom so many people praise."

"Do you admire Shakspeare?"—"By no means to that extent which is generally done."—"Neither do I," said his lordship. "I lately met with an invective in the Eclectic Review against our poets in general, and in particular against Shakspeare, in which the critic, with that sternness and intrepidity of mind which brings to remembrance the magnanimity of the Puritans, accuses all the poets of having done little good in their generation to the cause of virtue and religion; that their writings leave us nothing to admire, except the mere eloquence and force of poetry, as their sentiments are often vicious, licentious and immoral; and with regard to Shakspeare, the admiration of the English for him, whether real or affected, approached to idolatry."

"Pope is undoubtedly one of the greatest of the English poets, and his merits are little understood by many.—But if you read Spence's Anecdotes, you will find Pope's character placed in a clearer and more correct point of view than is often done, and that as a friend, as a son, and as a member of society, his conduct was not only unimpeachable, but in the highest degree praiseworthy." I said that I had seen something from Spence's work in the Edinburgh Review. "Have you," asked Lord B., "seen any of the Reviews lately?" "I answered, I had seen the Edinburgh, in which there is a review of your lordship's Tragedies. 'Ah, that is a subject in which I have failed; I shall write no more tragedies, I think.'"

"Have you seen the Quarterly Review?" he asked; "I do not think I am so well treated there as by Jeffrey. The article, I believe, is written by Heber; I was indulgently treated by Gifford. He was very kind to me, and as long as he has the management of the Review, I may hope for a continuance of kindness."

"The Quarterly, it is true, staunchly stands up for the Church as it is, and, it must be confessed, deserves praise for a higher tone of religion and morality than the Edinburgh; this I apprehend, however, proceeds more from policy than sentiment. But from whatever motive it may proceed, it deserves praise, and I am pleased to see that it is a greater favourite with all good men than the Edinburgh. Had the Edinburgh united to the extraordinary talents, which the early writers of that work displayed, a proper sense of religion, it would have continued unexampled in celebrity and influence; but it justly lost both, by the foolish and boyish admiration which it invariably expressed for French infidel literature, by its unbounded admiration for our own infidel authors, and by the attacks which it directly or indirectly made upon Christians, such as appear in their review of Missions in the East. They have given cause for suspicion of

their orthodoxy, and their writings, together with the circumstance that so many of our English modern reformers and Radicals are infidels, or indifferent to religion, have tended to bring even the genuine principles of Whigs, which I believe they sincerely profess and act upon, into contempt and disrepute. In political economy, and in literary and scientific criticism, they continue unrivalled; in historical criticism, and in religious feeling, they are far inferior to the Quarterly."

Of Shelley, his lordship observed, "I do not at all mean to defend his sentiments, nor to approve of the mode in which he published them; but Shelley possessed many virtues, and many excellent qualities, and you would have liked him as a companion. He was cool in his manner; yet impassioned, animated, and eloquent in his conversation. I was much amused with him and another gentleman, (he mentioned the name, but I forgot it); one was Platonist, the other was not; and, after long arguments, they converted each other. * * * He possessed some of the first Christian virtues, charity and benevolence. His benevolence was universal, and his charity far beyond his means."

Of Greece and the Greeks:—"You must have been highly gratified by the classical remains, and the classical recollections of Ithaca during your visit there," said Colonel D.—"You quite mistake me," said Lord B., "I have no poetical humbug about me: I am too old for that. Ideas of that sort are confined to rhyme.—The people at home have very absurd notions of the Greeks, as if they were the Greeks of Homer's time. I have travelled through the country and know the contrary. I have tried to remove these notions." He said he would do everything for them, but would take no command. He added, "A Turk's word could always be depended on, but not a Greek's, if his interest were in question."

We must, however, close our extracts from this work; and we cannot do so better than with his lordship's own opinion on a subject but too much canvassed of late—his separation from his wife:—

"I have had letters from England," said Lord B., "which mention that Ada has been unwell,—she is now better. Her complaint was a determination of blood to the head: what is the cause of it at her age?" "This depends on various causes, and I could not pretend to judge what the cause is in her case, unless I saw her." "Do you," asked he, "think that such a complaint is habitual?" "No, it is not necessarily so," I replied. "It is curious," he answered, "that it is a complaint to which I myself am subject."

"I could easily suppose so," I said, "from your mode of life, and habits of study,—irregular, but intense; and I think I could have inferred so from the state of your eyes. Your right eye appears inflamed." "That is from having read a good deal of late; but it will easily be removed, when I remove the cause. Ada," he continued, "is, I understand, very fond of reading. She lies on the sofa great part of the day reading, and displays, perhaps, a premature strength of mind, and quickness of understanding." "I hope, I rejoined, "that her inclination for acquiring knowledge will not be pushed too far, to the injury of her health, or even to the exhaustion of her intellectual powers, as is too often done by foolish and fond parents."

"I hope not," said Lord B.; "and I am sure that I can rely on Lady B.'s judgment and discretion."

"Do you know, my Lord," I said, "that I hope ere long to see the day when your lordship will again be united to Lady B., and enjoy all the happiness of domestic life, instead of following your present wandering and unsettled state, so unsuitable to one of your rank and station."

"What makes you think so? Have you had

any private information?" asked Lord B. "No," I replied; "I judge from circumstances, which I will mention, if they are not likely to offend your lordship."

"By all means, tell me what they are." "I judge from the style in which you spoke of Lady B.,—when we were talking of whom we would save, at a former conversation,—that your affection for her is not extinguished by absence, nor by all that has happened; that, in fact, she is not indifferent to you."

"If I said anything disrespectful of Lady B., I am very much to blame. Lady B. deserves every respect from me, and certainly nothing could give me greater pleasure than a reconciliation."

"With such sentiments, how is it possible that a separation has taken place, or how is it that a reunion cannot be effected? Under such circumstances, neither you nor she can be happy; and the cause must be singular, which two persons of such rank and understanding cannot find out and remove."

"I do not, indeed, know the cause of separation," said Lord B. "I know that many falsehoods have been spread abroad,—such as my bringing actresses to my house,—but they were all false. Lady B. left me without explaining the cause. I sent Hobhouse to her, who almost went on his knees,—but in vain: and at length I wished to institute an action against her, that it might be seen what were her motives."

"Perhaps," I said, "Lady B. is to be commanded. No wife, from motives of delicacy, would like the public to be acquainted with the causes of her sorrow and grief, in circumstances where her husband was concerned; and if she acted under misapprehension, or bad influence, it was your lordship's duty to have acted in such a way as in time to remove this."

"What could I have done? I did everything at the time that could be done, and I am, and have always been, ready for a reconciliation." P. 263—266.

WAVERLEY NOVELS. Vols. XIII. & XIV. *The Bride of Lammermoor.*

THERE is a witchery about Scott's novels, that when a volume comes into our hands, and we ought only to look to the illustrations and the notes, we read it through. How is it possible, indeed, to turn over leaf after leaf of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," to catch glimpses of Jeannie Deans "wending her weary way," and not pause one moment, and listen to her simple-hearted eloquence? This will apologize to our readers for a little delay in noticing the first of these volumes, and we hope to retrieve our character, by being somewhat earlier than other periodicals in noticing the second. The notes to the first, though not numerous, are extremely interesting; but others have reaped before us, and the best have gone the round of the papers. This will not occur again. In the second there are few, and those of little interest; two anecdotes only are worth extracting:—

"It is a current story in Teviotdale, that in the house of an ancient family of distinction, much addicted to the Presbyterian cause, a Bible was always put into the sleeping apartment of the guests, along with a bottle of strong ale. On some occasion there was a meeting of clergymen in the vicinity of the castle, all of whom were invited to dinner by the worthy Baronet, and several abode all night. According to the fashion of the times, seven of the reverend guests were allotted to one large barrack-room, which was used on such occasions of extended hospitality. The butler took care that the diners were presented, according to custom, each with a Bible and a bottle of ale. But after a little consultation among themselves, they are

said to have recalled the domestic as he was leaving the apartment. "My friend," said one of the venerable guests, "you must know, when we meet together as brethren, the youngest minister reads aloud a portion of Scripture to the rest;—only one Bible, therefore, is necessary; take away the other six, and in their place six more bottles of ale."

Poor-Man-of-Mutton.

"The blade-bone of a shoulder of mutton is called in Scotland, 'a poor man,' as in some parts of England it is termed 'a poor knight of Windsor'; in contrast, it must be presumed, to the baronial Sir Loin. It is said, that in the last age an old Scottish peer, whose conditions (none of the most gentle) were marked by a strange and fierce-looking exaggeration of the Highland countenance, chanced to be indisposed while he was in London attending Parliament. The master of the hotel where he lodged, anxious to show attention to his noble guest, waited on him to enumerate the contents of his well-stocked larder, so as to endeavour to hit on something which might suit his appetite. 'I think, landlord,' said his lordship, rising up from his couch, and throwing back the tartan plaid with which he had screened his grim and ferocious visage—'I think I could eat a morsel of a *poor man*.' The landlord fled in terror, having no doubt that his guest was a cannibal, who might be in the habit of eating a slice of a tenant, as light food, when he was under regimen."

We cannot commend the illustrations of either; the vignettes are unconditionally bad. Stephanoff will perhaps be liked, but he fails, in our opinion, to give an idea of the "fiery master of Ravenswood;" it is a picture of lace, and ruffles, and furbelows—the human interest is lost, for the parties themselves are lost in the parade of silks, and satin, and lace—hats, cloaks, and costume.

Divines of the Church of England, with Lives of the Authors, Summary of each Discourse, Notes, &c. Vol. I. By the Rev. J. S. Hughes, B.D. London, 1830. Valpy.

WE hail the appearance of the first volume of this series with the highest satisfaction; it is equal to any of the works of the cheap class which have yet appeared, and will be an ornament to every library in which it may be placed. The system now so extensively prevailing, of offering books to the reading public in a cheap and available form, does very great credit to the spirited publishers who have undertaken it, and those which have issued from Mr. Valpy's press are well entitled to our recommendation. The manner in which the present volume is got up, can, we think, scarcely fail to ensure general approbation to the judicious publisher. That a regular series of theological works, from the pens of our most celebrated divines, is very unusually found even in large and well assorted libraries, is a thing scarcely to be credited, and yet there can be no doubt of the fact, to those who have been in the habit of inspecting the literary stores of private men, or of public institutions. The present series, therefore, will supply a positive hiatus in our theological literature, and give the general reader an opportunity of becoming acquainted with some of the brightest luminaries of our country, of whom they now know little more than the names. The writings of such men as Sherlock, Hall, Barrow, Atterbury, Jewel, Seed, Jortin, South, Hurd, Bull, Beveridge, Balguy, J. Clarke, Ogden, Paley, Waterland, Jeremy Taylor, &c., ought to be in the hands of every man who has a love of literature, and a zeal for religion.

Of the execution of the work before us, we feel ourselves justified in speaking in terms of the highest praise; but, at the same time, we must confess, that we think too much space has been

dedicated to the summaries and the biographical memoir. Upwards of one hundred pages have been devoted to the former, and seventy-one to the latter. At this rate, out of fifty volumes, nearly twenty will be engrossed by this additional matter; so that the price of the work will be immensely increased, without the work itself being proportionably improved. The biography, we think, should consist of a short spirited memoir, of at most thirty pages—just sufficient to indicate the character, habits, position of the party, civil, political, and religious, without any lengthened or minute detail. The Life of Sherlock, which commences the present volume, might be reduced one half without detaching a particle from the information conveyed in it. As to the summaries, of what use are they?—surely any young clergyman who required a skeleton to work upon, (which these summaries are intended to supply,) and had not the capacity to write an original sermon, could never be able to fill up the gigantic outline of a discourse written by any such master spirits as those whose works are to be comprised in the series, of which the first volume is now before us. Where would such a person find arguments to substantiate the noble positions of men whose learning (seldom equalled, and scarcely ever surpassed,) is conspicuous in everything they wrote?—We say, that any tyro in theology, who was incapable of original composition, would never be able to prepare a discourse out of the very complicated elements which these *summaries* supply. We acknowledge, therefore, that, for our parts, we would rather see them cancelled, and their space devoted to the original matter of the authors to whose writings this series is professedly to be dedicated. Setting aside these objections, the work is a most valuable one, and we heartily wish it success.

LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE,
Vol. VI.—*Insect Transformations*. Part I.
London, 1830. Knight.

IT is gratifying to witness the interest with which this instructive work proceeds. Knowledge is not the less valuable for being communicated in an easy and familiar manner; nor will the pedantic accumulation of scientific terms and systems at any time atone for the loss of that information, which the student in nature's school seeks with such ardour, and receives with such pleasure.

The number before us describes the extraordinary changes which are assumed by the insect tribes. The previous appearance of a caterpillar, for example, gives but little indication of the splendour with which it may afterwards be clothed:—“It is not a little remarkable that the colours of caterpillars, with a few exceptions, are very different indeed from the insects into which they are transformed. Plain and inconspicuous caterpillars will sometimes give splendidly-coloured insects, as in the case of the *vanessa* butterflies; while finely-marked caterpillars will give plain insects, as the one whose gaudy stripes of sky-blue, scarlet and black, has obtained it the appropriate name of the lackey (*ciliocampa neustria*, Curtis), though the moth is of a dull brownish yellow. Two of our finest native insects, however, the swallow-tailed butterfly, and the emperor-moth, are produced from beautifully-coloured caterpillars, but neither the colours nor the markings of these have any resemblance.”

“A more extraordinary difference, however, between the first and last stage of insect life occurs in the case of those insects whose larvae are aquatic. One of our commonest families of insects, gnats (*culexide*, Latr.),”—that so ingeniously constructs a floating raft of eggs,—“affords a very striking illustration of our position. When these eggs are hatched the grubs

appear. • • They usually swim near the surface of the water with their heads downwards and their tails in the air, for a purpose which will presently be obvious. These grubs, called *scurv* in the north, may be met with in abundance during the summer in ditches or in water-butts, appearing like minute whitish semi-transparent shrimps or fishes, when their bodies are a little bent, as they frequently are. The organs for breathing, which are very remarkable in the grub of the gnat, are not situated along the sides as in caterpillars, but in the tail. A tube, for the purpose of respiration, goes off from the terminal ring of the body, at an angle. Its main buoys also are its tail and its breathing-tube, both of which end in a sort of funnel composed of hairs, in form of a star, anointed with oil so as to repel water. When it wishes to descend to the bottom of the water, it folds up the hairs of the funnels, but by means of its oil retains at their ends a globule of air, and when it wishes to reascend, it has only to open its hair funnel again.”

The reader who is curious to see the changes which the larva of the gnat undergo, may be gratified by visiting the Microcosm, now exhibiting in Regent Street.

The Real Devil's Walk. Not by Professor Porson. Designs by R. Cruikshank. London, 1830. Wilson.

THIS is hardly so clever, nor are the illustrations quite so good, as we had hoped for; but it is sure of its hour of popularity and of being read by all. There are works above and below criticism; and as we think a taking title, price two shillings, is one or the other, and may certainly laugh at a serious commentary, we shall content ourselves with extracting some half-dozen verses; and as there is little connexion in the original, we shall disregard it altogether in selection:—

Said the Devil, “on earth I'll have a dance,
And chance the spot shall name,
Here's heads for England, and tails for France,”
He toss'd—and heads it came.
He came up to town, at the end of May,
Through a drain in Piccadilly,
On what we should have called a broiling hot day,
Though, by contrast, he found it chilly.
“Now, truly, I don't like these horns of mine,
They'll surely be thought a show here;”
But he met Lord this, and the Duke of that,
And as each politely took off his hat,
He saw they were “quite the go” here.
In short, he soon found as he made his way,
(And he look'd both at old and young,)
That many had cloven feet to display,
And worse than serpent's tongue.
He entered a Hell in St. James's Street,
Which excited his special wonder.
“For wailing and gnashing of teeth,” thought he,
“For fiend-like passions and misery,
The Hell I keep must knock under.”
Then meeting the Brummagem Milton next,
Full of theological flummery:
They pass'd, for the Bard knew nothing of ‘Satan,’
Though Satan knew Mont*****y.
And he said to himself, “I'll surely look
Out a place for this prim divine;
As he has thought fit to put me in his book,
I'll not fail to put him in mine!”
He heard Mr. Owen explain how and when,
The world from his sway would be freed,
And he laugh'd, and said, with a fiendish grin—
Ah! Mr. — O! when indeed!”

The Foreign Quarterly Review. No. XI. Treuttel & Würtz.

THERE is no danger that a periodical of this kind should ever flag in interest through lack of materials—the mine of continental literature being truly inexhaustible:—but it is possible that, overlooking the important and the valuable, it may occasionally attach itself to what is merely curious. Something of this spirit we think there is perceptible in the present number. Every man regards with peculiar complacency the lite-

rature or the science upon which he has bestowed much pains; and the principal writers in the present number, having habitually directed their attention to the languages and literature of the North, appear to imagine that genius, forsaking the pleasant fields and sunny skies of southern Europe, has taken up its abode on the confines of the polar circle. These same writers, though on the whole learned and able men, appear likewise to have adopted a sort of Anti-Gallican mania, which leads them unduly to depreciate and disparage whatever is French. But the public make no account of these strange sympathies or antipathies. Genius is genius for them, whether it be found on Gallic or on German ground; and we are afraid that it will be very long before the belief will become popular that the Gothic race has been favoured by nature with a kind of monopoly of talent and originality.

From these brief general remarks, which have been extorted from us by the spirit of certain articles in the present number, we pass to a rapid notice of the articles themselves, viewed separately. The first, on Daemonology and Witchcraft, is written in a tone of mixed playfulness and seriousness, arising out of the nature of the subject, which renders it at once exceedingly amusing and generative of deep reflection. In the hideous picture here drawn of one of the most fearful delusions to which the human mind has ever become a slave, we see what, under certain circumstances, we ourselves might have been; and we rejoice to think, that, whatever may be the follies or perversities of the present age, it is at all events not haunted by that atrocious passion for murder for opinion's sake, which inhabited the minds of our ancestors.

The second, on Danish and Norwegian Literature, is a serious well-written essay on a subject not exceedingly interesting in itself. The author is, no doubt, right in supposing that the acquirement of the northern languages might be useful in a philological point of view; but, unless Danish literature have something better to show than the originals of the specimens he presents can possibly be, (for we are persuaded that the translations of so clever a man cannot be much below the originals,) we beg leave to think that the study of it could be productive of little more than loss of time. The reviewer, however, with that amiable partiality which every man has for his hobby-horse, becomes almost impassioned in his apology for the genius of the northern tribes, and in the warmth of his feelings discovers beauty where little more than deformity or cold insipidity is visible to other persons. Having been led by the current of his subject to mention “the richness of the Icelandic poetical phraseology,” he says—“But take, almost at random, an Icelandic poem, and it will exhibit the characteristic variety and the playfulness of their bardic language. We open Ulfarsmür, and meet with the following appellatives:—*The sea is called the salmon-ground*—the kingdom of the *Upsa* (a fish)—the wet couch—the gathering of the streams. *Battle* is designated as the snow-shower of shields—the noise of spears. *Ships*, the wains of the waves—horses of the ocean—elephants of the floods. *Sails*, the maps of the wind. *Rigging*, the snakes of the mast. *Wind*, the foe of the forests. *Waves*, the daughters of Ran (the Goddess of the Sea). *Storm*, the inflated cheeks of the giant. *Calms*, the rest for the horses of the waves. All these metaphors, for the most part exceedingly appropriate and beautiful, occur in the space of a very few lines.” Now to us the greater part of these metaphors appear to be extremely absurd or trivial; so various are opinions on matters of this kind.

The article on Dutrochet's New Researches on Vegetable Physiology, we have not read. That on Caillié's Travels in Africa, is a clever and amusing paper, which might have been extended without impropriety.

In the article on Modern Swedish Poetry, the Anti-Gallican spirit comes forth boldly. In other respects it is cleverly written.

The next, on the Amphictyonic League, is a neat condensation of the Researches of Tittmann and St. Croix on the subject.

Art. VII. is a very poor affair on a subject of the greatest interest and importance. The writer, imagining he understands the Hindoos because he has been in India, talks wildly and at random about their philosophy, literature, &c. taking for his guides such persons as De Marles and Signor Papi, the one a rude and tasteless compiler, the other an ignorant soldier. Nevertheless, his account of the English in India is not unamusing, though ill written.

Art. VIII. State and Prospects of the Wool-growers,—of which we can say the same thing as of that on Dutrochet.

Art. IX. Music made Easy. Very clever and interesting.

Art. X. Fontanier's Travels in Asiatic Turkey, is a correct appreciation of the character of the writer, and contains an abundance of curious particulars respecting the manners of the Turks, the state of the country, &c.

Icones Veteris Testamenti—Illustrations of the Old Testament. Engraved on wood, from Designs by Hans Holbein. London, 1830. Pickering.

THIS is an exceedingly curious and interesting volume. It is the republication of a work, which Mr. Dibdin thought sufficiently rare and valuable to have some fac-simile plates executed from, to illustrate and adorn the "Decameron." That the originals were really designed by Holbein, there is no reason to doubt; an early work indeed, and before he had quitted Basle. The first edition appeared in 1538. Mr. Dibdin, perhaps the best authority on such a subject, is of opinion, that the original blocks were engraved by Lutzelberger, and, like those of the Triumphs of Maximilian, may yet be in existence. Though many of the designs are strange, the subjects chosen still more so, and the figures sometimes out of drawing, there is an extraordinary power and breadth in many, and some of the single figures are admirable. We particularly direct attention to No. 31, to No. 59, and notwithstanding a little extravagance in the principal figure, to No. 67. By favour of the publisher, we are enabled to give as a specimen,

THE AFRICAN DESERT.

[*Not offered for the Prize.*]

Is thine the soul by pleasure still delayed ?
Are thy limbs feeble ? is thy heart afraid ?—
Then turn in terror from these drifting tombs,
Where steel-clad hosts might sink with all their
plumes ;
The desert's death-blasts and its whirling spires
Suit not thy nerves, thou slave of soft desires ;—
Thou mayst not feel the sanctity that dwells
In depths of grandeur, fenced by burning spells ;
Thou mayst not face the Genius that abides
By Nile's fair founts, or Niger's sunless tides ;
Nor will the Powers that guard old Afric's seats,
And scatter death around her dim retreats,
The mystic keeping of their trust resign,
Nor tell their secrets to a soul like thine.

But hearts there are, and souls of brighter birth,
Whose eagle-glance can view the climes of earth
In all their vast varieties unfurled,
And grasp the circuit of a widening world ;
And Enterprise hath never waked in vain
Her thrilling call on mountain or on main :
Or waved her flag on Freedom's airy heights
Without a champion to espouse her rights ;—
Inspired by her, the champion of her charms
Is mail'd in stronger than enchanted arms :
She wields a spell that land and sea obey,
And round her car earth's direst monsters play ;
The east and west her ardent search explores ;
Awhile she sleeps on Ganges' palmy shores ;
Her dream—a vision, where, in prospect wide,
Through vast savannahs sea-like rivers glide ;
Then rising unapall'd her course she turns
Where Iceland freezes, or where Afric burns.
Intrepid Power ! thy flight the ardent muse
Through scenes of triumph and of toil pursues ;
From haunted Atlas past the moulderings heaps
And painted shrines where old Cyrene sleeps ;
Through Libyan wilds that foil'd ambition's
schemes,
O'er nameless nations and mysterious streams ;
On central wastes, where fear and famine meet,
She tracks the triumphs of thy fearless feet,
That haste to bear, with charter from above,
Enlightening knowledge and redeeming love.

Afric, alas ! while mercy thus would bring
Truth on her lips and healing on her wing,
Thy ear is deaf, though angels pour'd the strain ;
Thy soul is shut against religion's reign—
Passions of darkness walk thy wastes of fire—
The traitor's falsehood, and the tyrant's ire ;
Malice, whose breath pollutes the passing breeze,
And scatters poison in the wells of peace.
Yet here are spots where Innocence might rove,
Nor know the loss of Eden's guarded grove ;
Where banish'd bliss might build her bowers again,
And world-sick hearts forget their years of pain :
For lo ! where dropt as by the hand of chance,
Rich groves appear that break the dread expanse,
Bright as those isles that rose in fabled birth,
When virtue sigh'd for purer spots than earth ;
When fancy's dreams Elysian lustre stole,
And genius breathed the verdure of the soul.

Oxford, June 1830.

THE BACHELOR OF SALAMANCA.

ALL the world has read with delight the numerous sketches of character given by Le Sage in "Gil Blas," and "Le Diable Boiteux;" among these the needy bachelor of Salamanca, who marries his laundress to efface a debt he owed her, will be well remembered. It is not, however, generally known, that the witty writer clothed in Spanish costume many of the events and characters of the French court. The poet Dufresnoy, who was descended from one of the less princely illegitimates of Henry the Great, is the person alluded to by Le Sage in the above-mentioned anecdote. A lively French work thus relates the adventure :

One morning the laundress of this comic author entered his apartment, for the purpose of demanding payment of a long account of washing.

"Pay thee!" exclaimed Dufresnoy, expressing as much astonishment as if such an idea



The Traveller's Lay. A Poem, by Thomas Maude, Esq. A.M. post 8vo. London, 1830. Longman & Co.

MR. MAUDE is an intelligent and informed man, with a right taste and good feeling, but his travelling notes would have been infinitely better in prose than verse. He has, no doubt, a fine perception of the beauties of nature, but the imagination of a poet, which illuminates and glorifies all things, is wanting—he walks, but never flies, as Cowley said of Virgil. As a favourable specimen we extract the following :—

Hark! on mine ear, as through night's thickening shade
Our wheels monotonous roll, what thunder-roar
Peals awful ? From the depth of yon dim glade
It bursts ! 'Tis the Rhine's wave, shaking the shore
With its astounding leap ;—where, as of yore,
By Laufen's deafened height it wrestles aye
With rocks of giant mould.—On, on ! and o'er
The stream twice crossed, its windings I obey,
Till Strasbourg's matchless spire beacon my westerling
way.

Tales of our Counties, or Provincial Portraits.
3 vols. London, 1830. Marsh and Miller.
A VERY fatiguing task it has been to wade through these volumes. The characters are professedly taken from real life. It is but justice to say, the author seems fully aware of his demerits as a portrait-painter, and has, therefore, written in a good text hand, under most of his pictures, whom they are intended to represent. The system is a pestilential one. But, not to waste time on such a work in generalities, it will be

enough here to say, that the tales themselves are heavy, "stale, flat and unprofitable;" the style false, bombastic and affected ; and the volumes must, after a very short time, rest in undisturbed quiet on the shelves of the circulating libraries.

Family Cabinet Atlas. Engraved by Mr. T. Starling. Part II. Bull.

The favourable opinion we expressed of this useful little work is in no degree diminished by the appearance of a second number. The same care, the same clearness and perspicuity are shown as in the first; and the artist has only to go on in well doing, to secure a patronage for his Atlas, commensurate with his own wishes, as expressed in his prospectus.

Impromptu.—To Taglioni.

Painter's model ! Poet's dream !
Fond Musician's favourite theme !
Sculptor's chef-chef-d'œuvre !
Thou surely camest on earth to show
How far Nature's power could go,
And how far Art improve her.

R. J.

To Taglioni.—By a Sister Artist.

I ENVY thee, O Taglioni !
Thy power to finger thus the money,
With large receipt ;
I cut out all things else, no doubt,
But thou dost even cut me out,
With skilful feet.

SARAH BIFFIN.

Norfolk, June, 1830.

had never before possessed the brain of a laundress;—"Pay thee! it would be very well to talk of it if I had any money; but lansquenet and faro have played the traitors with me for these fifteen days."

"Thirty pistoles are but a trifle."

"How, thirty pistoles a trifle! I only wish for my part I had one. I could then renew my game of lansquenet, which last night when I was forced to quit it, had begun, methought, to be more favourable."

"Listen to me, Monsieur; I am going to be married in less than eight days, and before that time you must find money to pay me."

"Ah, ah! going to be married, art thou? Hast thou then any other money?—for I would not have thee reckon on the thirty pistoles."

"I should trust to a broken reed if I did, I suppose you mean to say."

"No, no, I will pay thee some day or other, when I have had a good run of luck at lansquenet, such as was just beginning last night. But now tell me the particulars of thy fortune; for my thirty pistoles is not the whole of thy dowry."

"Assuredly not, Monsieur Dufresnoy; by means of beating, linen, rubbing, wringing, bleaching and ironing, I have got together more than two hundred pistoles."

"How! two hundred pistoles, sayst thou, my good Jeannette? truly this washing, and wringing, and rubbing, is a very profitable employment! and who art thou going to espouse?"

"An honest Norman, a coachman by profession, who promises to conduct our household as steadily as he does his master's carriage."

"A coachman! to marry a girl like thee!—clever and intelligent too,—Oh fie, thou mayst do much better."

"Who should I marry—a duke or a peer?"

"They are not worthy of thee, my girl; for I am sure they could not earn in a whole age the two hundred pistoles that thou hast already amassed who art so young. Hold, Jeannette, what sayst thou to me for a husband? I am *valet de chambre* to the king, and comptroller of the royal gardens."

"What is the use of talking to me in this manner? Is it likely that Monsieur Dufresnoy would marry a laundress?"

"Why not? his great grandfather was only a gardener."

"I can't tell how to refuse you," said poor Jeannette, looking down and hesitating, for she was just then seized with an access of that fever called vanity. You say that you are *valet* to the king and comptroller of his gardens."

"Yes, my dear."

"Now, in case of the worst—could you become a real *valet de chambre*, or a gardener in good earnest?"

"I can't answer for that, my girl,—but I am a poet."

"Oh, I know well enough what a good-for-nothing trade that is. Have I not in my time been laundress to twenty different poets, and did I ever get a *sous* from one of them? Nevertheless—"

"Hast thou not done debating? To make short of the matter, take my arm and let us go and affix our bans."

A fortnight after this fine alliance, Jeannette, now become the grand-daughter of Henri Quatre, was seen wringing and washing more earnestly than ever, to replace the two hundred pistoles that her husband had lost in one venture at lansquenet at the Hôtel de Nesle. In the midst of her work, Dufresnoy entered and threw into her lap a thousand pistoles—which, in spite of his own wants, Louis the Fourteenth had bestowed upon him, saying, "It were a crying sin that Jeannette, now become his relation, should die of hunger, because she had married the illegitimate descendant of a great king."

DISSECTION IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE following account of the history of anatomical knowledge from the lecture of M. Cuvier, delivered before the French Academy, seems to us of general interest, and conveys a striking picture of the tardiness with which science advanced towards perfection during the middle ages.

At this time, (says the Baron Cuvier,) Galen was the oracle of the science. The Arabs, who had actively studied medicine, had not been able to cultivate a knowledge of anatomy, because their religion forbade the touching a dead body. They were contented therefore to translate Galen, whose system of anatomy became thus perpetuated by Syriac and Arabic versions. The Emperor Frederic II. was the first who encouraged dissection; he even ordered many of the schools, more particularly that of Salerno, publicly to dissect at the least one body during the year. For this end it was long necessary to obtain papal bull from the Roman see, and it was thus that in the year 1482 the University of Tübingen solicited the permission of Rome to that effect.

With such obstacles, it was difficult for the science to make any rapid progress. There was, moreover, only one work by which the study could be pursued—that of Mundinus, Professor at Bologna. This work was ordered as the class-book of the science. The author had chiefly borrowed his knowledge from the Arabic writers; he followed them even to the retaining of the Arabic names for the different parts of the body, or such names as had been used by the Jewish physicians, who had studied in the Arabian schools in Spain. Mundinus, however, had profited by his studies—he has many discoveries which were his own, or at least, which were not to be found in Galen. Sometimes he corrected the facts advanced by Galen, for instance, on the *retus mirabile*, and on the muscles of the eye; he has also made many new observations; in other respects, his physiology is barbarous, and his mythology deplorable, his investigations having been made only on subjects dried in an oven. As a sample of his physiology, he explains the form of the heart by saying, that "this organ, which is the source of heat in the human body, must of necessity have a pyramidal form, because a pyramid is the figure symbolical of fire." Mundinus was nevertheless the high priest of his day. The first writers who appeared after Mundinus, were only commentators on his works—the leader of these was Gabriel of Zerbius. The life of this writer was full of adventure; he was first a monk; then, having escaped from his convent, he was condemned for robbery and punished with death, for being unable to cure a Pasha to whose assistance he had been summoned. He published a work on the anatomy of the human body, which work is written in bad Latin, and is scarcely to be understood. In it, however, are some additional observations: he describes the first pair of nerves, as such; in which the ancients had seen only a pituitary canal. A remarkable progress took place during the time of Alexander Achillini, who held the professorship at Bologna from 1500 to 1512. He published two works: *Annotaciones anatomicae in Mundinum*, and *De humano corporis anatomico*.

More fortunate than his predecessors, he was able to carry on several dissections. He discovered the fourth pair of nerves, the form of the cerebral ventricles, and of the fornix; he observed the bones of the ear, the *incus* and *malleolus*, the valves of the heart, and the salivary duct, which has been badly termed Warthon's canal. At this period, the bones of the human body were but imperfectly known; for in one part of his works he assigns five bones to the carpus, in another seven. After Achillini, the most celebrated author was James Berenger, of Carpi; he was professor at Basle from 1502 to

1527; he was the first to employ mercury in syphilitic diseases, which had then made their appearance in Europe. His life was one of great agitation; he was banished, and fled to Ferrara; he dissected much—more than a hundred subjects—he has even been accused of dissecting living persons. In 1521 he wrote a book entitled *Commentarius super anatomiam Mundini* (Bologna); and in 1514, he published one with the title *Isagoge in anatomiam corporis humani*. He made many true discoveries: the thymus gland, the tympanum of the ear, the arytenoid cartilages of the larynx, the carunculae of the kidneys, were all described by him. He added to his work some plates engraved on wood, but clumsy and badly finished: it was however the first attempt of the art, and this attempt was due to sculpture and painting—two arts whose progress was the effect of that of anatomy. It is well known that Michael Angelo studied this science, as did also Leonardo da Vinci: of the former painter a drawing is extant representing him in the act of dissecting. The first who gave good figures was a German named Gunter in the *Anthropologia* of Leipsic; for at that period the arts flourished in Germany as well as in Italy. Albert Durer, the great painter and engraver, was also a great anatomist. The *Symmetria Partium* (Nuremberg, folio), was his; this was reprinted under the title "Anatomy of Painting." Thus we see, that if Italy enjoyed an honourable distinction as well for anatomy as for the arts and other sciences, anatomical knowledge was not slow of diffusion throughout other countries after this epoch.

NORTHERN ASIA.

[Further Extracts from the Correspondence of Dr. Erman.]

Siberian Belles Lettres, &c.

KRASNOJARSK is a town, not merely encompassed by one of the finest Siberian landscapes, but, in the present day, has become a species of central metropolis for the literature of those remote regions. M. Stephanow, the civil governor of the province of Jeniseisk, who resides at Krasnojarsk, † is the president of a society of literature and poetry, by whom the "Almanack of Jeniseisk," (the first work of the kind that has issued from an Asiatic press,) has been published. This annual is composed of poetical pieces, descriptions of Siberian scenery, original Russian ballads, instructive essays, and other short pieces in prose. It contains, amongst other papers, the narrative of a journey from Krasnojarsk to Kialkta, on the Chinese frontier, as performed by M. Stephanow himself; in this he describes the Imperial manufactory at Telmsk, (about eight-and-forty miles distant from Jeniseisk,) where cloth, paper, and glass-wares are made on account of the Crown. It appears that, in this manufactory, the most recent machinery invented in England for the spinning of wool, has been imitated by Siberian workmen, at one sixth of the cost of the mere model, procured from Great Britain!

City of Maimatchin.

The Chinese city of Maimatchin lies close upon the frontiers of Russia; its streets are not paved, but floored with hard clay like the floor of a threshing barn: the houses are constructed of blocks of earth rammed tightly together, in the same way as the French *pisé*; and Chinese paper supersedes the use of glass for the windows. The walls of the houses are scarcely discernible, so thickly are they shrouded and united

+ When descending the Jenissei, the traveller passes through the district of Krasnojarsk, the soil of which is so luxuriant that, by the simple turning up of its surface, and unassisted by manure, successive crops may be obtained from the same seed for five or six, nay, even a greater number of years. All sorts of grain and provisions are here as cheap as can well be imagined.—*Ed.*

across the streets by rows of gaudy paper-lanterns, and flags of coloured paper, bearing Mandchoo inscriptions, &c.; their gay appearance, however, greatly enlivens the sombre effect of the yellowish-grey pavement and walls. Coal-fires are kept burning at the corners of the streets, in cast-iron braziers, with tea-kettles suspended over them; and they are constantly surrounded by crowds of the lower classes, drinking tea, and smoking tobacco. Where the two principal streets meet, the crossing is decorated with a wooden tower, which has four gates on each side, and thus forms a thoroughfare for the inhabitants. Above the square base of this tower rises an octagonal steeple, having the Chinese roof so well known to European gardens, and a circular balcony, from which the priests announce the motions of the sun and moon, &c. All the prominent corners of this tower are decorated with coloured lanterns and flags, and its walls with idols, masks, and claws of devils and monsters. Besides the tower, Dr. Erman saw several Mandchoo temples, in one of which was the God of Fire, an idol painted red, with a pane of glass set in the centre of his stomach, as symbolic of the transparency of his native element. In the neighbourhood are several small Mongolian chapels, with their respective idols, before which stand holy water and pots of burning incense. This city, as well as every town in China and Russia, is favoured with a special odour, which assaults the olfactory nerves as soon as one's nose comes in contact with the atmosphere of any apartment in the house, which the natives have been occupying.

HYDROPHOBIA.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

Monday Evening, June 14.—Dr. Roberts, in the chair.—Dr. Hawkins read an account of some experiments relative to the prevention or cure of Hydrophobia and the bite of serpents, communicated by Mr. Caesar Hawkins, surgeon to St. George's Hospital. It had reference principally to some trials lately made as to the efficacy of the juice of the *Mikaina Guaco* in cases of *rabies canina*; and as a cure for this disease, the guaco had, in the two instances which he related, failed; and, like most other preceding remedies for hydrophobia, can only claim a place as a palliative, the hour of death being not in the least averted by it.

The first experiment was on a dog; seven doses (of a table-spoonful each) of the juice were administered at intervals in the course of thirty-six hours, three weeks after the animal had been bitten, and three days from the first appearance of the disease. A considerable abatement of the symptoms was produced—the irritability and restlessness observed in dogs when labouring under hydrophobia were completely allayed—the excessive thirst appeared to be diminished—and he could drink with apparent facility, having been previously unable to swallow—the extraordinary bark attendant upon this disease was, after the first dose, entirely silenced—and the respiration, which before the exhibition was hurried and embarrassed, became quiet and easy. The symptoms, however, returned, and the animal died with sloughing of the eye, and increasing paralysis of the whole body.

The guaco was likewise tried in a case of hydrophobia lately admitted into St. Thomas's Hospital, under the care of Dr. Roots. Several ounces of the juice were administered at short intervals, besides a considerable quantity of the extract; some moistened leaves of the plant were also placed on the chest, from which the cuticle had been previously detached by boiling water. These appeared to have the effect of calming the boy, and diminishing the frequency

of the paroxysms, though Mr. Hawkins supposes that this effect might perhaps partly be attributed to a large belladonna plaster, and to the quietude in which the room was kept. During the period of his greatest calmness, the sight of a glass of water, brought into the room for one of the attendants, immediately produced those horrid convulsive spasms and feeling of suffocation, which particularly characterize this disease in man. The relief which could thus be fairly attributed to the guaco, was less than Mr. Hawkins had previously seen, when large doses of prussic acid had been administered at short intervals.

The effect of hydrophobia on dogs is of a twofold nature; in the one case they are extremely furious and dangerous, biting at everything which chances to come in their way,—whilst on the other hand they are perfectly quiet, manifesting no disposition to injure beyond that of being occasionally snappish. Dogs in which the disease takes the latter turn, which is commonly termed "dumb madness," he considers to be the fittest subjects for conducting experiments upon.

Mr. Hawkins, whose zeal in this dangerous investigation deserves the highest praise, suspects that the curative agency of the guaco against the bite of poisonous serpents, has been as much exaggerated as its preventive powers. From the experiments which he was enabled to make with vipers, and a large poisonous snake from Bengal, they did not refuse to bite or even to kill animals to which the guaco had been previously administered.

On the library table this evening, were fine specimens of the *Diodon Hystric*, both male and female; several beautiful kinds of snakes, &c., together with numerous species of plants, used in the *Materia Medica*, from the garden of Mr. Iliff, of Kennington.

Friday Evening, June 25.—Dr. Maton in the chair.—Dr. Bright delivered the *Harveian Oration*.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Thursday, June 17.—The President in the Chair.—This being the last evening of the Session, a great number of communications were made to the Society: but few of them, however, could be read. Among others, Dr. Roget read an abstract of a paper, by Mr. Brown, the inventor of the Gas Engine, which is proposed to supersede that worked by steam; a report of the observations made at Rio de Janeiro, on the Comet of 1822, by Captain Robertson, of the Royal Navy, addressed to Captain Basil Hall, F.R.S.; and an account of a new burner for Light Houses, which has been proved, by experiments at the Trinity House, to possess amazing power. On rising, the President declared the sittings of the Society adjourned to Thursday, November 18.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Thursday, June 17.—Mr. Hudson Gurney, V.P., in the Chair.—An Antique Gold Medalion, which was found last year in Lincolnshire, in a peat bed, eight feet below the surface, was laid on the table, together with an enamelled and singularly enriched metal dish or basin, of considerable antiquity. This latter belongs to the Norwich Museum, and was submitted to the Society by Mr. Dawson Turner. Mr. Britton exhibited a series of beautiful drawings of Henry the Fifth's tomb in Westminster Abbey; and Mr. Gage, the Director, communicated drawings of, and observations by himself on, the remains of an ancient hostelry in Southwark, in the style called Norman. They belonged, he believes, to the ancient priory of St. Olave, in Tooley Street. On rising, the Vice President declared the sittings of the Society adjourned to Thursday, November 18.

FINE ARTS.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S SALE.

The empire of Sir Thomas Lawrence, like that of Alexander, having been dissolved by death, his favourite paintings, his select sketches, his curiosities in art and in literature, with his palette and his easel-sticks, one black and the other white, have been dispersed to the sound of Christie's hammer. The admirers of historic painting saw with wonder some of the wild poetic creations of Fuseli selling on a former day at the price of the straining-frame and canvas; nor could their surprise be less, though the object was different, when they saw, during these three latter days of sale, many of his own faint sketches of portraits—rude pieces of clay, bearing the image of man and the name of Michael Angelo, and fragments of antique marble disposed of for enormous sums which had no reference to the intrinsic value. The contest for these relics was fierce and prolonged; the bidders were noblemen and gentlemen: guinea rose upon guinea, bidding echoed above bidding; and when the sound abated the whisper ran round, "Who has got the magnificent Michael Angelo?" "Who purchased that divine Lawrence?" and, "Has his Grace added the sublime Phidias to his collection?"

Here not a few of our readers will pause and say, "Phidias!—why, what works of his were in the possession of Lawrence?" we readily answer, a colossal foot, with fractured heel and broken toes, and the right foot of a Belvidere Apollo, prettily polished and preserved under a glass case. The first of these relics sold for sixty guineas, and the other for fourteen guineas and a half! That the latter is modern there can be little doubt: of the antiquity of the other we have some suspicion; or for the fractured parts man has evidently attempted to make his own work seem that of time. But even allowing them to be true antiques, the prices which they brought were absurdly extravagant. With few existing works can the name of Phidias be connected; and shall we allow his name to be tacked to every simulated relic which Rome—that great storehouse of imposture—sends forth among credulous Englishmen? An "Adam and Eve eating the forbidden fruit," from the hand of Nollekens, found a purchaser at thirty-one guineas: this was a sketch in baked clay; the figures some six inches high, their posture graceful and the sentiment weak. Two other sketches from the same hand—one, "A naked Lady sitting on the ground," and the other a "Venus drying her feet after bathing," were sold for fifteen pounds; the market price of this artist's works is beginning to rise. A wax model, by Michael Angelo, of one of the recumbent figures in the Sacristy of the Church of St. Lorenzo at Florence, sold for thirteen guineas and a half; and the same figure in baked clay, on a larger scale, by the same hand, brought sixty-one guineas. Of originals in clay by Michael Angelo, we have our doubts. We know there are many in the market, nor are we strangers to the way in which they are produced. A mould is made on the original model, a squeeze in clay is taken, touched up a little with the modelling tool; dried and baked, and there is a Michael Angelo for you, on which his hand was never laid! We look on all Roman reliques with well-grounded distrust.

From the clay we turn to the canvas; but there is nothing under the sun save vexation of spirit. Our favourite Stothard, though higher priced than usual, went off shamefully low—mangle all the good will and benevolent enthusiasm of Rogers the poet, who bid over all other persons, gentle and noble, and sometimes—such is the eagerness of genius—over himself. But all would not do,—the spirit of rivalry refused to be roused; and one hundred and fourteen drawings

by this most natural of all living artists, were disposed of chiefly to the Poet, for sums below what we are willing to name. Most of those drawings were from the British Classics; we are glad they are gone to the hands of one who can feel their worth. Some of the early works of Owen went very low: and a canvas, containing experiments in colours, and memorandums, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which could not be read, brought four and thirty shillings! Some sketches of naked ladies, by Etty, displayed much fine colouring; one, a "Sleeping Dame watched over by an angel, with a snake winding its way to her couch," sold for five and twenty pounds; while Leda and her feathered Friend, after Michael Angelo, was disposed of for four pounds some odd shillings. The Cartoons of the heads in the "Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci, in black chalk and crayons, were much looked at, and sold high; the head of Christ brought 108*l.*, the head of St. John, 92*l.*; the others were in general disposed of for forty or fifty pounds each. A larger price was nevertheless expected: Sir Thomas is said to have valued them at 300*l.* The market price of such commodities is fallen.⁺

The chief attraction of the sale was some two dozen large drawings, from the life, on canvas, by the hand of Lawrence himself. It was his practice to draw carefully in the head and neck, and sometimes the shoulders of his sitters; and as he seldom failed to seize the likeness, he usually set this sketch aside, took a second canvas, traced upon it the successful lines of the other, and then proceeded to paint. By this means he secured to himself a document to which he could in every emergency refer, and by which he guided his hand in the absence of the living model. Amongst these were his Majesty George IV, the King of Prussia, the King France, the Duke of Angouleme, Prince Leopold, Prince George of Cumberland, and Prince Hardenberg; but the affections of the audience extended to lowlier individuals. Prince Leopold, Prince Hardenberg, and Prince George of Cumberland, brought some thirty guineas each—a high price for drawings in black, red, and white chalk. Baron Humboldt sold for five and thirty pounds—Canning for thirty—the Countess Lieven for thirty-six—and, lowest of all the ladies there, the Countess of Wilton, for thirty. Three children's heads, in oil, and unfinished, brought 15*l.*, for no other reason than this—they were supposed to be in imitation of the admired picture of Cherubs, by Reynolds. "The head of a Child—a study," which sold for some sixteen guineas, and the portrait of George IV, when a boy, which brought 10*l.* and ought to have been more, were, with the Countess of Wilton, what we chiefly coveted. The latter was worth any money for its beauty alone.

But the works which we affected most were the Michael Angelo and Raphael of Flaxman. We had made up our minds to give thirty guineas for them; and, considering that they are some eighteen inches high, and in plaster of Paris, we cannot but be thought liberal. But who could contend with the bank and enthusiasm of Rogers the poet! Away they soared above our trembling biddings, which, be it known, went to the bottom of our purse; Christie knocked them down for the satisfactory sum of

⁺ These Cartoons are of unequalled interest. The original picture was more than half perished even when Richardson was in Italy. They were restoring or destroying it when Barry was there: it has since been repainted. The whole series sold for 640*l.*; and Mr. Woodburn bought all, except two, said to have been purchased for Lady Godwin.—A distinguished nobleman has since declared he would have given 200*l.* for the celebrated foot, of which our informed friend speaks slightly. The copper-plate of the young Duc de Reichstadt sold for 250 guineas. The total amount of the sales, by Mr. Christie, exceeds ten thousand pounds.

seventy guineas. A very fine bust of Flaxman in marble, by Baily, failed to win the regard of the opulent; Lawrence paid one hundred guineas for it, but it brought no more than thirty. The bust of Fuseli, from the same hand, was knocked down for fifty; and those of Stothard and Smirke, for thirty each. A head of Michael Angelo, in bronze, with plaster shoulders, brought seventy-one guineas. High and low prices are mere matters of chance: two or three rich amateurs enter into contention, and taste and pride unite in continuing the strife, till the work in the hand of the wondering auctioneer rises to a dozen prices.

For literary men there were some attractions: "Dryden's assignment of his Virgil to Tonson, signed and sealed by himself and Congreve," and more important still, "The original assignment, on paper, made by Milton of his Paradise Lost to Samuel Symons, April 27, 1677, with the seal and signature of the poet." The handwriting of Dryden was bold and manly—that of Milton neat and elegant—too much so, a sceptical person would say, for the pen of a blind man; but though this valuable document was unknown to Milton's biographers and editors, there is no doubt of its authenticity. Dryden sold for eight, Milton for sixty guineas. For the ivory easel-sticks of Paolo Veronese we would have scrupled to give eight guineas and a half; nor are we sure that we would give Rubens' colour-box house-room, were it presented for our acceptance, from its unwieldy size—we love relics such as we can readily stow away: of this description were the pallettes of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Thomas Lawrence—one of plain mahogany, the other of sycamore. The former, given by Sir George Beaumont, was sold to Constable the painter (who has presented it to the Royal Academy,) for twelve guineas, and the latter, just in the state in which its illustrious owner left it, for sixteen guineas. Two of Sir Thomas's easel-sticks—one of white cane, the other of black—were knocked down to some young aspirants in art for five guineas and a half each. Christie, a prudent and meritorious auctioneer, was so provoked at the low price which these magic rods were raising, that he called out, "Is there no gentlemen of the Royal Academy here? Why the very hazel walking-staffs of the Duke of York brought five and six guineas each, and here are the easel-sticks of our great portrait-painter going for a trifle. Have we none of the members of the Academy here?"

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Various Subjects of Landscape, characteristic of English Scenery. From Pictures painted by John Constable, R.A. Engraved by David Lucas, Colnaghi.

THIS little work will be published in about a week or ten days, and we have been gratified with the sight of the four plates of which the first Number will consist. The subjects are more varied than we could have expected to find in a work taken wholly from the productions of Mr. Constable; who appears to have fed his genius, like a tethered horse, within a small circle in the homestead. The village river with its lock—the water-mill, with its rude deep shades and solitary wheel—the old decaying trees, and country lanes stealing down by the upland corn:—these have been within eye and heart-reach of Mr. Constable's home; and these were to him "riches fineless."

The four plates are, "A Dell, in Helmingham Park, Suffolk," "Weymouth Bay, Dorsetshire," "A Mill," and "Spring." The painter's object, which has evidently been to give the varied effects of chiaroscuro, has been wellseconded by the engraver. "The Dell" is one of those

deep nooks, in which sadness communes with shadows, and which seems made for the painter. The shades are solemn as night; and between the tortuous sombre trees, you get at the garish light of day. "The Mill" is a natural piece of Suffolk flat, made beautiful by the just management of light and shade. And "Spring" is an open living landscape, with corn-mill turning its dark sails against the light, flurried, cloudy sky, with birds winging about over the head of the ploughman, and everything speaking of country life "preparing to start." To the admirer—but that is a cold word—to the lover of nature, these, which are faithful miniatures of his mistress, will be treasures indeed.

We have lately—tempted by the truth which Constable marries to Art—contrived to obtain a sight of his gallery; and we may perhaps be excused if we say a word or two about the unpretending works which are indeed pure village histories. There is a chaste quiet picture, of a country-lane going easily on the descent, by the side of ripe corn, with asses browsing the hedge, and sheep going down, "half in sunshine and half in shade"—and with a broken-down gate opening over the harvest-field, and showing the village and its church in the distance—which we looked at, and looked at, until we felt all the summer within us—and longed to lie down with the sheep lad, that stretches his boyish form along the grass, and drink as he drinks from the cool wayside water. The river scene, with the man opening the lock, is almost better than the original. How deep is the shade at the depth of the lock! How faithful the rusted iron knots and bolts, and trailing plants, the vigorous yet broken, and decaying trees in the foreground—dying in "sterile splendour!"—and the airy village distance! Constable has been unjustly accused of being a mannerist. Alas! how may a man of genius be condemned outright, or "damned with faint praise," by critics who never saw an honest "bit of nature" in their lives. The mannerism lies at the door of nature, if mannerism there be. Living by, or within sight of, or in the mill (what matters where genius condescends first to alight), Constable has watched and felt all the intricacies—all the sense, the solitude, the simplicity, the beauty of mill scenery:—and, heart in hand, he has dedicated himself to his native field, tree and water—knowing and feeling that in nature's plainest mood, there is a soul of beauty.

We have spoken in good heart of this good painter—and we can only beg in conclusion, that such of our readers as can get within this gallery, will not fail to look at a water-colour drawing of "Jaques looking at the wounded deer in the Forest of Arden." It is the forest which Jaques haunted. There he lies on the knotted roots of the oak; and you can hear the brook. The trees are apart—scattered—giving room for the deer to go fleeting by, and for the foresters to see one another come trooping with their goodly bows over the far grass dappled with sunlight. You see, you breathe in a green world—a green home, that wins the sun even through "the shade of melancholy boughs"—and Arden is "all before you, where to choose your place of rest!" In looking at such things, we blush to be critics—and yearn only to be those who can afford to purchase unto themselves such immortal estates!

Harding's Lithographic Imitation Drawings of the late R. P. Bonington. No. III. Carpenter & Son.

THE more we see of the late admirable artist, the more we admire and regret him. This number, we are happy to say, is even more interesting than the preceding. The health scene—by no means a picturesque subject, yet how true to nature! The Grand Canal of Venice, from Mr.

Carpenter's large picture, is very ably executed, but our favourite is the coast scene, in Sir Geo. Warrender's possession, one of the sweetest bits of nature we ever beheld.

The Fair Penitent. Painted by H. Piddington. Engraved by W. Giller. Moon, Boys & Co.

Who would guess this interesting title could possibly represent poor Mungo in the stocks?—for what dire offence we know not, except Mr. Piddington intends it for a companion to his "Sambo very dry;" and a moral on the fatal consequences of giving way to being "very dry."

MR. BOCHSA'S DRAMATIC CONCERT.

BENEFIT performances are, by the law of custom, considered as exempt from the laws of criticism. We see no good reason for this, either as respects the public or the interest of the performers themselves; for when judgment sleeps before the curtain, art will infallibly languish behind it.

KING'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

A curious *galimafree* was produced here on Wednesday last, for the benefit, no doubt, of Mr. Bochsa, but for the injury and further decline of taste and judgment. A series of *Tableaux Vivans*, or *Scenic Illustrations* of Haydn's Seasons opened the Concert. Now, not to mention how badly those attempts at illustration were made, the whole thing is founded in error—and so far from "embodiment and developing" (see printed announcement) the conceptions of the most admired masters to the eye of the spectator," it abstracts him from the perceptions of the sense to which musical compositions have been addressed, and turns a narrative or description which was intended to have been conveyed through the conventional idioms of melody, into nothing more than an orchestral anachronism: the music soliciting your associations with possible and probable occurrences, while the vile pantomime before you is destroying all such (otherwise-likely) effect, by presenting you with a present picture of stupid reality. A part of an act of "Semiramide" followed, which was finely executed by Malibran, Lalande, and Lablache. A poor divertissement introduced the charming Taglioni, who danced as divinely as usual. Next came the third act of "Otello," in which Blasis and Donzelli personated Desdemona and the Moor with great force and feeling. Of Mr. Bochsa's own performance on the harp we must speak in terms of great praise. His new concerto, "The Bard's Dream," is novelly conceived, and highly effective. Mr. Nicholson's duet also, with Mr. Bochsa, was very ably performed. But "the crowning rose of all the wreath," was Beethoven's Battle Symphony, dramatised expressly for this occasion! Here is more absurdity. Astley's at the Opera House! Gunning, trumpeting, drumming, galloping—where, a few minutes before, Malibran had poured out her soul of melody and pathos! It is absurdly bad—and, as in the *Tableau*, the object of illustration is defeated. During the riot on the stage, the orchestra might have played "every man his own tune," for aught that could be heard of Beethoven, whose Battle Sinfonia, by the way, we do not like. Noise and confusion only can imitate noise and confusion, and on this occasion the lovers of such were amply gratified. We really pitied the poor Guards—men who have braved the dangers of the real Waterloo, thus forced to give a *buffoon* representation of it for doubtful applause. Bad taste, Mr. Bochsa—but you say, "Je connais Mr. Bull." Alas! we fear you are in the right. The performances did not terminate until some time in the morning!

ITALIAN OPERA.

KING'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

SINCE our last notice, the performances at this house have been but the repetitions of the entertainments provided by Curioni, for his benefit on Thursday, June 16th. There has been no variation in the performance of each night worth speaking of; therefore a general view of their merits will be sufficient.

We must in *limine* protest against one of the vile systems lately adopted at the Opera House, and that is the *olio* kind of entertainment we are presented with. "Heads and tails," "odds and ends," "shreds and patches," may sound very well in Mathews's or Hood's Comic Annuals; but anomalies, such as we complain of, are not fitted to, or to be tolerated at the King's Theatre! Little as may have been the pretension of the Italian Opera to the verisimilitude of natural portraiture, or indeed *drama* in any shape, the mode used by our present *entrepreneur* has broken the slight ligaments that hitherto connected it, even in a remote degree, with sense (not common sense)—that ingredient would spoil any opera, Italian or English. If the selections of the entertainments only were as good as the power of performing them is efficient at this theatre, we should never have had a better season. But the reverse is the case, and we lament it, although we cannot but smile now and then at the ludicrous effect that is produced by tacking one act of a *tragedy*-opera, to another of a *bufa* character. It is like Horace's woman with a fish's tail;—in fact, it is an incongruity, an absurdity, a bad taste, and should be speedily checked.

In *Gli Orazi*, Malibran is exquisite. Her acting is of the very highest order. Donzelli and Curioni have difficult parts (as far as their lungs are concerned,) to sustain, which they bawled through in very good style. The former played with unusual spirit.

An act from "*Il Turco*" was the *appendage*, and exhibited Lablache's extraordinary powers in both acting and singing to very great advantage. He has the *voice of a multitude* with him, therefore it is no wonder that he is a favourite. Madile Blasis sang delightfully. We have before noticed the rich and pure tone of this lady's voice in concerted pieces; in this part she executed her solos with equal power and neatness. She is the most useful *fixed* star we have had for a long time in our operatic atmosphere, and by no means one of second magnitude.

But to our old complaint—the orchestra, Oh! the poor orchestra!—when shall we see it as it should be? We fear never! Poor Spagnolletti! it certainly must cost him more in bows than fiddles,—for he does nothing all the long night but beats his music-book with them, which, independently of looking so badly, has a shocking effect upon the ear. Lindley, too, in his old days is capering more than ever; his twirls and twitterings in the recitations are sometimes very amusing and droll, but—misplaced! Could not he and the gentleman at the piano forte contrive to read and play the chords as they are written, and simultaneously? for if they would but agree to that, we know Dragonetti would not be far behind hand!

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THIS, after all, is the only place where we can see the genuine drama efficiently acted. The size of the house is convenient; the smallest whisper may be heard distinctly; and thus the *nuances* of either humour or pathos are never lost. Whoever has the selection of the entertainments this season, is one of the good old school. When we see Othello—the Merchant of Venice—Richard—Much ado about Nothing—the Clandestine Marriage—the School for

Scandal, &c., as items in the bills within a fortnight, we cheer up, and repeat, chuckling to ourselves, the common consolatory adage, "all is not lost that's in danger." And then so acted—so inimitably sustained, in almost every department! Kean, whose late debility and lack of spirit, rendered him little more than "a remnant of himself" at Drury, here is himself again. His celebrated *Farewell* in Othello was never given better, nor better heard. This passage in his mouth is the finest *moreas* of subdued agony—of quiet suspension of feeling—that exists. Other authors would have out-Heroded Herod on this occasion; but in this beautiful apostrophe, if we may so call it, there is a calm, resigned melancholy which "shames all clamorous sorrow."

We do not like Farren's *Dogberry*; he has not asked us what he meant by the character. The comedies here, with one or two exceptions have got up exceedingly well, the "Clandestine Marriage," and "School for Scandal," particularly: in each of these Farren is unexceptionable. Mrs. Glover we think, in everything she does, is the first actress of the day. Miss Kelly—*Juliet* Kelly—for, after all, she is the best *Juliet* of our times—plays *Desdemona* sweetly; if she would but attend a little more to the *artificial* modulation of her voice, she would become a favourite even with those who disregard the *mind* she displayed in her acting.

One word to Mr. Manager:—with such a company, why, even for one night, exhibit the garbled entertainments we have seen more than once? The proprietor of the Haymarket Theatre has it in his power to revive the taste for true *dramatism*, and if he will but attempt it, he is sure of success. On the nights that a legitimate good play is well performed, his house is full;—why not *da capo* this hit—why not have a *good* play well performed every night? We see no reason to the contrary.

This week we are in want of space for further observations, but we shall resume our notices more in detail in the ensuing.

London University.—We regret exceedingly the angry feeling that is becoming too evident, both in the management and among the professors. We have received all the pamphlets, and shall certainly attend the meeting; and we trust the good sense and conciliating spirit of the proprietors, will temper and moderate the intemperance of others.

Bonington.—The drawings mentioned in our last as about to be sold by Sotheby, brought upwards of 40*l.*; they cost the noble owner only ten.

Original Lines by an R. A.—It has long been established as an indisputable axiom in criticism, that

Poema

Est pictura loquens, picturæ muta poesis.
An eminent artist, who is also member of the Royal Academy, (than whom no one has more finely illustrated the latter portion of the above maxim), was recently conversing on the intimate connection that existed between the sister arts, and arguing that both of them required precisely the same sort of genius and mental powers to master; he even went so far as to affirm that no man ever distinguished himself as a painter, who was not by nature equally qualified to excel as a poet. A young lady in company taking advantage of his argument, requested him to give her some lines for her album, and thus prove the truth of his assertion. The R. A. (who is looked upon among his acquaintance, as a remarkably matter-of-fact man,) was a little annoyed at this, but he immediately took up a pen, and produced extemporaneously the following lines, addressed

TO A YOUNG LADY.
By J.M.W.T., R.A.

It would puzzle the most fastidious critic to point out a fault in them.

Lord Byron.—The second volume of Moore's Life of Lord Byron will be embellished by a portrait of the noble poet, of very peculiar interest. The engraving, beautifully executed by one of the Findens, will be from a likeness taken by Saunders from Lord Byron, when his Lordship was only 19 years of age—and it has all the beauty, without the care, which the mental old age of 28 or 30 brought down upon his features. The Poet stands before you in a sailor's dress—the fit habit for the inspired lover of the sea; for such he was! There is the boy—the man—the sailor—and the poet—all in the one portrait; and Scotland, the land of his childhood, is the background! We know not what the price of the forthcoming quarto will be—but if it do not exceed that of the last volume, we have no hesitation in saying, that the value of this interesting plate will be an "overpayment of delight." There never was a finer head than that of Lord Byron, taking it, as Mrs. Nelson would say, "inside and out."

Associated Engravers.—Mr. Watt and Mr. Humphreys have been elected members of this society.

Who will win?—The French papers state, that a nephew of Sir Robert Peel has laid a wager of 1000l. to 100l., and has deposited the stake, that the Duke of Wellington will not be Prime Minister of England on the 3rd day of next July.

The Royal Court at Metz has reduced to one year the term of a year and a day's imprisonment, to which the editor of the *Courrier de la Moselle* was condemned by the Tribunal of Correctional Police. This seemed strange; but it appears that, in consequence of the reduction of the term, the editor is not liable to be sent to a central prison, where the discipline is very severe.

The gold medal struck at St. Petersburg, in commemoration of the peace between Russia and Persia, is two inches and a half in diameter, and worth about 510 fr. On the face is represented the town of Erivan, and the river Zenghi on which it is built; in the back ground is Mount Ararat, on which is planted the Russian standard, with the date 1828. On the reverse, Mount Ararat appears again surrounded by the waters of the Deluge, with Noah's Ark on the summit, and the date of the Creation of the World.

From a late number of the St. Petersburg "Academical Journal," we collect some authentic particulars of Professor Parrot's recent journey to Mount Ararat. After being baffled in repeated attempts, he at length succeeded in overcoming the obstacles which beset him, and ascertained the positive elevation of its peak to be 16,200 Parisian feet; † it is, therefore, more than 1500 feet loftier than Mont Blanc, which has been hitherto accounted the sovereign of mountain altitudes in Europe. He describes the summit as being a circular plane, about 160 feet in circumference, joined by a gentle descent, with a second and less elevated one towards the East; the whole of the upper region of the mountain, from the height of 12,750 feet (English), being covered with perpetual ice and snow. He afterwards ascended what is termed "The little Ararat," and reports it to be about 12,300 Parisian feet high (13,100 feet English).

† Equal to 17,254 feet of our measure.—Mont Blanc is stated by Baron de Zach to be 15,731 feet in height. Vide *Athenæum*, No. 126, p. 186.

The Marchioness of Stafford has most kindly consented to allow engravings to be taken from her sketches of the Orkneys, to illustrate the "Pirate" in the Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels.

Reformation Jubilee.—This year, being the three hundredth since Luther's delivery of the confession of the Protestant faith at Augsburg, preparations for its celebration are making throughout the non-catholic states of Germany, and a decree of the Hanoverian government enjoins, that it be observed with special solemnities on the 27th of this month (June) in every church throughout the kingdom.

Absolution en masse.—The French crusaders of the nineteenth century (*i. e.* Bourmont's followers) are, by a decree of the Propaganda at Rome, to receive a plenary apostolic remission of all their sins.

The *Furet de Londres* makes the following calculation as to the number of English words now in use, that are derived from other languages. Latin 6732; French 4812; Greek 1148; Italian 211; Welsh 95; Spanish 56; Swedish 50; Hebrew 16; Arabian 13; Runic 4; Scotch 3; Turkish 1; Portuguese 1; Persian 1; Saxon 1606; Dutch 691; German 106; Danish 75; Icelandic 50; Gothic 31; Teutonic 15; Irish 6; Flemish 4; Syrian 3; mixed Irish and Erse 2; mixed Irish and Scotch 2; Compound from the Persian 1; from the Frise 1; and 1 uncertain,—and only one uncertain

"Oh, thou most particular fellow!"

Thorwaldsen.—The King of Bavaria has commissioned this eminent sculptor to execute a statue of the great Elector, Maximilian I., which is to embellish the Wittelsbach-square at Munich.

The Russian government have determined to despatch Capt. Lütke during the present summer, with two frigates and a corvette, on an expedition into the northern regions of the Atlantic ocean. Iceland is to be the head-quarters of this expedition, and it is Capt. Lütke's intention to institute a series of observations on the variations of the magnetic needle and pendulum. Mr. Mertens, of the imperial Academy of Sciences, having volunteered his services, has been unanimously appointed to superintend the botanical labours and investigations in behalf of that institution.

It is mentioned incidentally in the Asiatic Journal, that "the Chinese government divides the tax on land into three sorts. The first and highest tax is on ponds, where the water-lily and other plants grow, and also on fish-ponds." We do not notice this for the contradiction, for it is recognized by our own laws, nor to suggest a new tax, for it would be profitless in this country;—but to ask, whether our ponds and lakes could not be made more profitable to the owners? We think Mr. Macculloch once suggested this, but are not aware that the experiment has been tried on any great scale.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, June 12.—The following degrees have been conferred:

Bachelor in Civil Law: Rev. W. Howard, Fellow of New College.

Masters of Arts: U. T. Price, Christ Church; M. C. Thompson, Trinity; and Rev. J. Lampen, Exeter, grand compounding; Rev. E. A. Omanney, Exeter; Rev. E. J. Ward, Trinity; Rev. A. Bromiley, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. J. Charnock, Worcester; Rev. W. Whalley, Christ Church; Rev. W. Pye, Student of Christ Church; T. B. H. Abraham, Wadham; W. W. Jackson, Lincoln; W. B. Mant, Oriel; Rev. J. T. Giffard, Fellow of New College.

Bachelors of Arts: H. D. S. Horlock, Magdalen Hall, and W. A. Hodgson, Queen's, grand compounding; P. D. Latouche, Corpus; E. Odell, Christ Church, grand compounding; J. Barrow, Scholar of Queen's; W. K. Bradford, Magdalen Hall; H. P. Best, University; J. Cooke, Balliol; J. L. Irwin, and H. Gray, Christ Church; C. Wordsworth, Student of Christ Church; T. Whitaker, B. Hayley, and A. M. Bennett, Worcester; F. Wrench, Trinity; T. Houbion, Oriel.

ATHENÆUM ADVERTISEMENT.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.
LITERATURE.

Forthcoming.—Major Leith Hay is preparing for publication a Narrative of the Peninsular Campaigns, extending over a period from 1808 to 1814, in which the scenes personally witnessed by this gallant officer will be delineated from journals kept from day to day.

The Juvenile Library, No. 1, containing the Lives of Remarkable Youth of Both Sexes. This work will be conducted by Mr. Jordan.

Musical Memoirs, from the first Commemoration of Handel, in the Year 1784, to the Year 1830. By W. T. Park.

The First Volume of Sharpe's Library of the Belles Lettres.

Journal of a Tour, made by Señor Juan de Vega, the Spanish Minstrel of 1828 and 1829, through Great Britain and Ireland: a character performed by an English Gentleman.

The Anatomy of Society, by Mr. St. John, will be published in the autumn.

Just Subscribed.—The Hundred-weight Fraction-Book. By J. Gayner, lately a Warehouse Clerk to the Coalbrook-Dale Company, 5s.—Hogg's Medical and Chemical Tables, folio, sewed, 4s. 6d.—Bayley on Bills of Exchange, &c. 16s. bds.—Hall's North America, 3 vols. 8vo. 17. 11s. 6d. bds. 5th edition.—Wilson's Questions on St. Luke, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—The New First Class Book, from the American edition, 5s. 6d. bds.—Nowell's Latin Catechism, 18mo. 3s.—Francœur's Hydrostatics, 8vo. 5s. 6d.—Murray's Treatise on Atmospheric Electricity, 2nd edit. 12mo. 6s. bds.—Murray's Researches in Natural History, 2nd edit. 12mo. 6s. bds.—Thucydides, Vol. I., by the Rev. Dr. Bloomfield, 9s. 6d. bds.—Divines of the Church of England, Vol. II. 7s. 6d. bds.—The Real Devil's Walk, 2s. sewed.—Tennyson's Poems, 5s. bds.—Col. Light on the Poor, 6s. cloth.—Monsieur Mallet, 1s. sewed.—Keeper's Travels in Search of his Master, 15th edit. 6s. half-bound.—Bell's Universal Mechanism, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—The Child's Guide to Knowledge, 3rd edit. 18mo. half-bound.—Bromhead's Medical Assistant, 4s. cloth.—Petersdorf's Pictures, Vol. 14, 11s. 6d.—Foreign Exclusives in London, 3 vols. 12mo. bds. 21s.—Journal of the Heart, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Sailor Boy, 4 vols. 12mo. 24s. bds.—Songs of the Affections, 12mo. 7s. bds.—The Captive of Fez, 12mo. 6s. bds.

FINE ARTS.

Forthcoming.—Various Subjects of Landscape, characteristic of English Scenery, painted by Constable, and engraved by Lucas.

Just Published.—Lodge's Illustrous Portraits, fol.—The Fair Penitent, H. Pidding, by W. Giller.—Harding's Drawings of the late R. P. Bonington, No. 3.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Days of	Thermom.	Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
W.M.	Max. Min.	Noon.		
Th. 17	58	45	29.73	N. to N.W.
Fr. 18	65	50	29.60	S.W.
Sat. 19	63	52	29.35	Ditto.
Sun. 20	68	52	29.30	W.
Mon. 21	70	50	29.25	N. E.
Tues. 22	59	42	29.10	N.W. to W.
Wed. 23	68	51	29.05	W.

Nights and mornings for the most part fair.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cumulus and Cirrostratus. Clouds on clear mornings.

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS.

The Moon nearest the Earth on Thursday at 6h. P.M. The Sun entered Cancer about midnight on Monday.

Longest day.

Moon and Saturn in conj. at 11th. P.M. on Wednesday.

Sun's geocentric longitude on Wed. 1^o 26' in Cancer, 16h. 34m.

Length of day on Wed. 16h. 33m.; decreased, 1m. No night.

Sun's horary motion 2° 23'. Logarithmic number of distance .0070147.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received Captain Blakistone's statement. The subject is not of sufficient interest to bring before the public; but we may here intimate to him, that he is in error in assuming, that the profit of a bookseller can be calculated by the rule of three; and that if a sale of 500 copies yields —, therefore 1500 must yield in proportion. He ought to know that a forced sale may be made of any, even the dullest book, by advertisements. We know not how far this may apply to "Twelve Years' Military Adventure;" but until the Captain has seen the cost of advertising the work, he can form no judgment of the profit. As to the number printed, we think it entirely in the discretion of the publisher.

We thank — for the information, but disregard the threat. Painters, authors, booksellers, all pray us to be honest, and to speak the truth; but they must mean of the works of others,—for one word of censure of their own, and they attribute it to some impossible motive. We shall persevere notwithstanding, tempering judgment with mercy—assured that in the long run it will win "golden opinions" for us.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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BUTLER and Co. Chemists, Cheapside, corner of St. Paul's; Savory and Co., 136, New Bond-street, and 220, Regent-street; Odling, 25, Oxford-street; Bayley and Co., 17, Cockspur-street; Windus, 61, Bishopsgate Without; Chalk, 47, Minories; Easum, 27, Aldgate; and Odling, 159, Borough.

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* Observe, the above-mentioned Medicines (except James's, Ruspin's, and Godfrey's, which bear the Proprietors' names) have the words "BUTLER, Cheapside," engraved in a Government Stamp, which is affixed to each, and without which they cannot be genuine.

Anderson's Scots Pills

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Brahminic Balsm Drops

Bateman's Pectoral Dragees

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Eavan's Carbonated Salts

Cephalic Snuff

Carroll's Pills

Cundell's Balsam of Honey

Dutch Drops

Godbold's Balsam

Henry's Calcined Magnesia

Hoppe's Balsam Pills

Hox's Pills and Lozenges

Juniper's Ess. Peppermint

Leamington Salts

Lignum's Medicines

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And every other Patent Medicine of repute.

Persons cannot be too careful in the purchase of the above Articles, as spurious imitations are generally in circulation.

APPROVED FAMILY MEDICINES,
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CHING'S WORM LOZENGES.—The more usual symptoms of Worms are Flatulence, Stomach, Sides, and Head, Loss of Appetite, &c. Painful Lumpings and Intermittent Appearance in the Faeces. The extraordinary efficacy of these Lozenges in all such complaints, as well as in Obstructions in the Bowels, and every disorder where opening or cleansing physic is required, is so universally known, and has been publicly acknowledged by so many persons of distinction and rank in society, that it is unnecessary here to enlarge on their peculiar virtues. In Boxes, at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

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BUTLER'S ISSUE PLAISTERS.—These Plasters are superior to any others heretofore offered to the Public; it is therefore particularly requested that purchasers will be careful in inquiring for "Butler's Issue Plaster," and to observe their Name on the Government Stamp. In Boxes, at 1s.

MORRIS'S BRUNSWICK CORN-PLAISTER is generally admitted to be one of the best emollient applications for Corns and Bunion, and is worthy of a trial on parts of those who are afflicted with such unpleasant Complaints. In Boxes, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d.

POTHERGILL'S TONIC PILLS, applicable only to the Female Constitution, and recommended as safe and effectual remedy for strengthening the System—also for producing regularity of action in all those functions which are impaired by debility, &c. In Boxes, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d.

GENERAL CEMETERY COMPANY.—

Capital 200,000*l.*, in Shares of 2*s.* each.
A GENERAL MEETING of the SHAREHOLDERS of the GENERAL CEMETERY COMPANY (to which the Public are invited) will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Monday, the 5th of July, at 12 for 1 o'clock. The Officers of the Company will be there elected by the Subscribers.

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Tickets of precedence will not be granted to Subscribers after the 30th of June.
Prospectuses, and every information, may be obtained of the Bankers; of George F. Carden, Esq., the Treasurer, 3, Inner Temple-lane; and of the Secretary, C. B. BOWMAN, Secretary, 16, Milk-street, Cheapside.

Literature, Arts, &c.

In the press, and will be published on the 1st of July,

THE JOURNAL of a TOUR, MADE by SENOR JUAN DE LEGAN, IN ENGLISHSTAD, of 169 and 170, KING'S GATE, BRITAIN, AND IRELAND. A Character performed by an ENGLISH GENTLEMAN. The work will be comprised in Two Octavo Volumes, and will be accompanied with a Portrait of the Author in the Dress he wore during this undertaking, drawn by John Hayter, and lithographed by W. Sharpe.

Printing for W. SIMPKIN and R. MARSHALL, Stationers' Hall-court, London.

The Portrait named above will be published separately by DICKENSON, 114, New Bond-street.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, No. 25, will be published on Wednesday, the 10th of June, containing the following Articles:—

No. 1, The Ballot—Carwell—3, Government of Lower Canada—Wilson—4, The French Revolution—Greek Democracy—Society for the Cultivation of Trees—7, Game of Litter, Dublin's Siberia—9, Bishop of London and Sabbath-breaking—10, Three sides of a Dessert—Dominie's Legacy—11, Clarenceon—12, Monro's Nova Scotia—13, Religious Disabilities—14, Stamp Tax and Syndicate of House-holders—15, Patrons of Art, and Friends of the Royal Academy—16, Death of the Country 17, Egyptian Notation—18, Great Britain and France.

No. 26 will be published on the 30th September.

ROBERT HEWARD, 2, Wellington-street, Strand, at the Office of the Westminster Review.

Agents—Wm. Tait, Edinburgh; W. F. Wakeman, Dublin.

JUVENILE PRESENTS.

Entertaining and Instructive Works, in fancy bindings, published by BALDWIN and CRADOCK, Paternoster-row.

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